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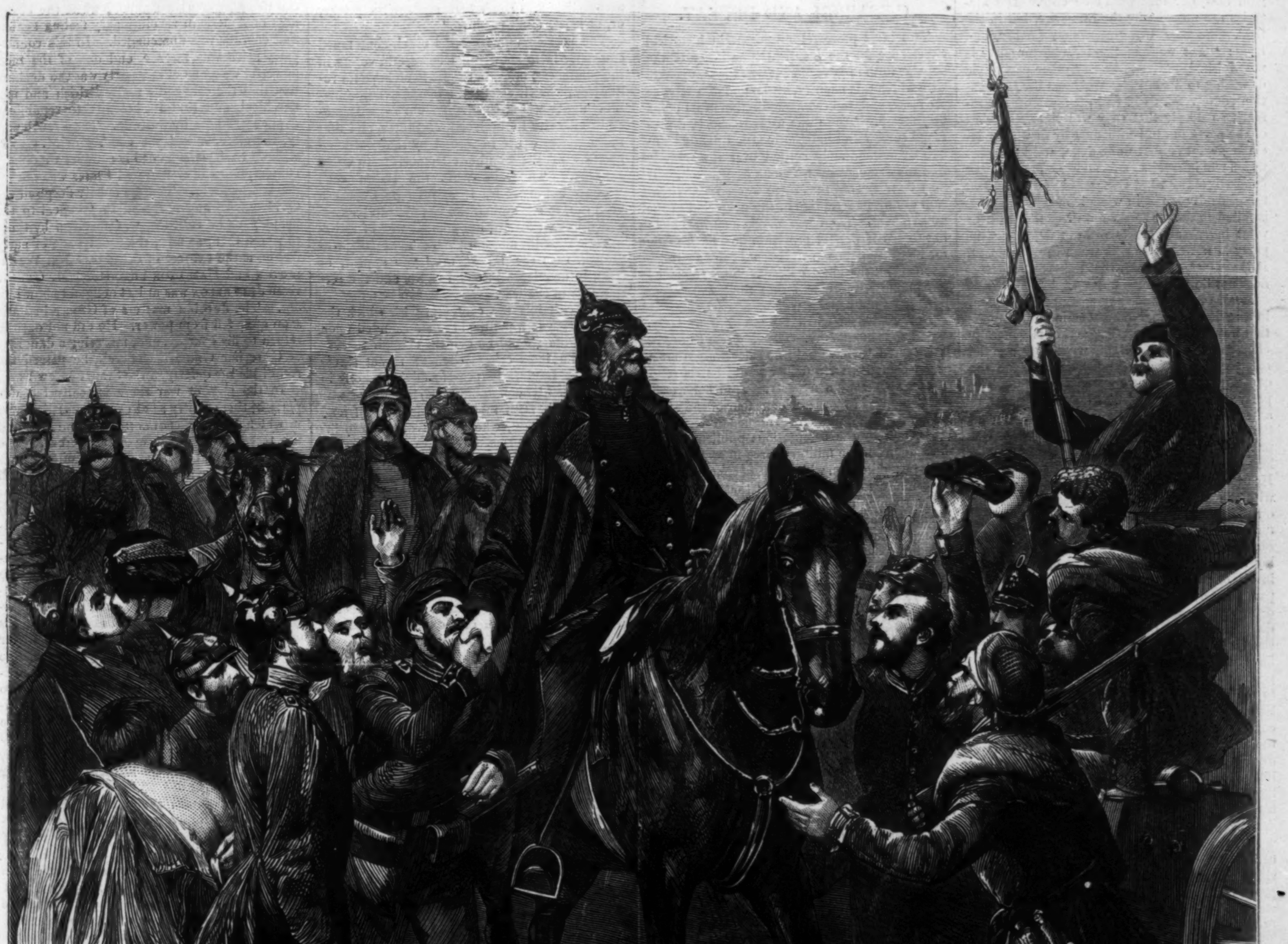
KING WILLIAM AND HIS ARMY.

THE King of Prussia to-day stands at the head of the most formidable army in the world. The whole male population of his kingdom may be said to be trained for arms, and is always ready to take the field. For offensive warfare every man from the age of twenty to that of thirty-six is enrolled, either in the regular army or in the landwehr; and in the landsturm, for defensive operations within the country, to the age of fifty. The Prussian army is divided into companies, battalions, regiments, and corps d'armée. The war strength of a battalion is 1002 men, consisting of four companies. Three battalions go to a regiment, two regiments to a brigade, two brigades to a division. A division includes, in addition, a proportional force of cavalry, several batteries of artillery, and a battalion of riflemen or of pioneers; while a corps d'armée, being considered a unit, complete and independent in itself, carries all the stores and appliances required for a campaign. Including those of the annexed provinces and of the guards, Prussia possesses in all thirteen corps d'armée.

According to the charter of 1867, every North German is liable to service, and no substitution is allowed. The Federal troops take the oath of fealty to the Federal generalissimo, and all form one army under his command.

The total strength of the army of the North German Confederation amounts to 319,358 men on the peace footing, and to 977,262 men on the war footing, and by the mobilization of the reserve troops it may be raised to the latter standard within about a fortnight, as was proved during the Austro-Prussian struggle four years ago.

These figures represent the army of the North German Confederation. But it is necessary, also, to add the military resources of the non-



KING WILLIAM I. OF PRUSSIA AT THE HEAD OF HIS ARMY.

confederate states of the South, which have cast in their lot with the fatherland. Bavaria numbers 50,000 men on her peace establishment, and 30,000 more in time of war; while Würtemberg can furnish, in war time, 34,405 men, and Baden 20,722. In the year 1866, when Prussia was much smaller than she is now, 413,500 soldiers crossed into Austria, while 193,000 remained at home.

The engraving on our first page is a copy from a painting by the German artist **Steffech**, and represents the King of Prussia at the head of his army at Sadowa.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 27, 1870.

☞ *With the present Number of the* Weekly *we lay before our readers a Supplement, containing the fifth Monthly installment of*

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

FORWARD!

For a political party, as we said last week, the past is not enough. Yet the past of the Republican party is most brilliant. As Senator **Conkling** said in his little speech at Saratoga: "The Republican party has done much—indeed, more than any political organization in history." And Vice-President **Colfax** truly says that "every lover of liberty and human rights throughout the world sympathizes with it." If to recount our old glories were to gain new, our task would be easy. But victories are not won by the camp fire, but in the field. Senator **Conkling** says further, and truly: "The work of the Republican party is not finished, nor is there any other party able or willing to finish it." We hope the Convention of New York will feel the truth of that remark so deeply that they will show the work of the party not to be finished by distinctly declaring what is next to be done, and in a spirit which will insure its performance. Mr. **Colfax** pointedly states what Congress has done. But the difficulty is not in what it did, but in what it failed to do. We do not deny the truth of what he says. But he will not deny that the party is not so strong as when Congress met. It is evident, therefore, that the way to success does not lie in rehearsing its good deeds.

Besides, the important party consideration, in a review of Congressional action, is the question not only whether that action is generally allowed to be beneficial, but whether it was the result of an acknowledged policy. Upon the questions of the war we were all agreed. The party spoke and acted like one man, and like a hero. But are we all agreed upon the questions of the peace? Moreover, has the Republican majority of the Senate been in the least degree mindful of its party responsibility? Has it not, if not actually inviting differences with the Executive, yet delighted to assert its own will when differences arose? Was not, for instance, the rejection of Mr. **Hoar**, for the reasons alleged, a wanton act of power inevitably relaxing party cohesion, not merely by the insult offered to the better sentiment of the party, but by the challenge thrown to the President, and by the suspicion it awakened of a dangerous general tendency upon the part of the Senate? Can it fairly be said that we have had a financial policy as we had a war policy? Was the contemptuous indifference to the civil service reform so profound in the Senate that Mr. **Schurz**, who introduced a bill early in December, never called it up, although the session was prolonged into July, while Mr. **Jenckes** in the House hastily withdrew his bill to prevent its disastrous defeat—was this indifference at this time and upon this subject a sagacious party position?

We mention these things as illustrations. As we have heretofore said, one explanation of the action of Congress, and therefore of the party situation, is to be found in the fact that Congress was dealing with questions for which it was not elected, and upon which it had no party instructions. But those questions remain. They are now paramount. A new Congress is to be elected. The imperative necessity of the hour, therefore, is to instruct that Congress. And that instruction must be given in the plainest declaration of principles. Nor was there ever a better opportunity. In the State of New York the contest is at best doubtful. The last two elections have gone heavily against us. The Democrats will renominate for Governor the signer of the Erie bill, one of the most unprincipled and dangerous acts ever perpetrated in a state governed by law. Notwithstanding his conduct in the Erie affair, which should be enough in an honest community to exclude Mr. **Hoffman** from political life forever, his party hope to re-elect him by an enormous majority, to which the frauds which elected him two years ago will powerfully contribute. It is a position, therefore, in which the Republican party should aim to recover its old strength by displaying its old spirit. And that old spirit is the spirit of the war; a heroic acceptance and treatment of the situation.

Shirking and shuffling and glozing will insure defeat. Pointing backward will not win the field before us. Solferino and Magenta do not avail **Louis Napoleon** at Haguenau, nor did the glory of Austerlitz save his uncle at Waterloo. What do the Republicans of New York think of the reduction of taxation, what of the reform of taxation, what of the reform of the civil service, what of Cuba, what of the labor question? If the Convention is managed by those who have no opinion upon these questions, or who are afraid to express it, who suppose that in the present situation true wisdom is to smile and wink and say nothing, we shall pay the penalty of cowardice. At worst, we can but be beaten. Shall we then refuse to raise the slogan which will rouse the most sluggish and indifferent and send us all into the fight with the enthusiasm and the faith of '60 and '64 and '68?

Nor must we forget that conspicuous men are themselves platforms, and that the party which nominates them will be judged by them. Mr. **Pendleton** was the Democratic platform of '64, and General **Blair** that of '68. When Tammany renominates Mr. **Hoffman** the Democratic platform in New York will be unbounded electoral frauds and the principles of the Erie bill, as plainly as if they were declared. And if the secret of Republican success lies in its old spirit applied to the new issues, it must not only distinctly declare itself upon them, but its candidate for Governor of New York must be a man who is identified with the work which Senator **Conkling** tells us yet remains to be done.

CÆSARISM AND DEFEAT.

The most powerful argument in historical experience for the practical superiority of the popular form of government was the composure with which this country, at the end of a terrible civil war, endured the assassination of its chief magistrate. There was a great shock, a profound sorrow and indignation, and public tranquillity immediately settled over the tragedy like the deep sea over a stone cast into it. It may be truly said that there was no apprehension of any interruption of the operation of the government. There was merely a curious looking to see if perfect provision had been made for its continuance in the event of the assassination of all the chief officers. The secret of the public serenity was that the Government represents the popular will.

But Cæsarism when **Cæsar** dies or is defeated ends in anarchy. The Empress **Eugénie** is reported to have said at Cherbourg that a peace signed after a defeat would be the end of the Napoleonian dynasty. And her words were confirmed by the evident fear of the Ministry when the news of Haguenau came to Paris, and by the ostentatious publication of the amount of the military force in and around Paris; a publication which was, of course, meant to intimate to the disaffected that there were soldiers enough to keep them in order. The official journals described the impregnability of the fortifications of Paris; and, after the declared opposition of M. **Thiers** to the war, the Empress was said to have drunk slyly "the health of M. **Thiers**, who built the fortifications of Paris." But his master, **Louis Philippe**, built them, as all the world knew, to defend the Tuileries against the Faubourgs.

The folly of Cæsarism, of any form of personal government, in a modern state of high civilization, is now apparent. The Plebiscitum has been cited as proof of the essential popularity and consequent strength of the empire. What are the facts? In 1852 **Louis Napoleon** was elected Emperor by nearly 8,000,000 of votes against less than 300,000. In 1870 his title was confirmed by a vote of 7,000,000 against 1,500,000. **Louis Napoleon** said, "The nation has settled the question." This was at the end of May. In the beginning of August he loses a battle, and the question proves to be wholly unsettled. His throne totters not from the threat of a foreign foe, but from domestic hostility. Yet there has been no serious change of public opinion. In the spring **Louis Napoleon** said, "I give you the alternative—my empire or anarchy." France could not, of course, vote for anarchy, and it supported the empire as the least of two evils. But the empire was not the choice of France.

The misery of the French system is that the alternative is perpetual. In England, if Parliament disapprove a war the crown must submit. In **Louis Napoleon**'s constitution, on the other hand, the Emperor has the power of peace and war. The people have really no authorized voice. The French Ministry is not, as in England, a committee representing the people, and therefore, when great disaster threatens, there is a cry for a Committee of Defense, which would be really the Government. The moment the Government is strained it begins to crack and yield. And as there is no method provided by which the people may regularly and lawfully change the course of affairs, as in England and the United States, revolution and anarchy are at once imminent. If seven millions of Frenchmen had really and honestly supported the Napoleonian dynasty in May, does any body suppose that a military reverse in August would have endangered it? On the contrary, nothing would have so strengthened it. The effect of the first defeat in this war is to show the utter hollowness of the Napoleonic system; and, whatever the future chances of the campaign may be, every thoughtful man must see that there is no hope of permanent tranquillity in France until the Government is really in accord with the people. But this accord can never be accomplished by any form of Cæsarism or Napoleonism.

"PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY."

A critic says of a certain religion that if you would know what its founder taught you must carefully ascertain what its most bigoted doctors declare that he did not teach. In like manner, experience shows that if we would know what the Democratic party is likely to do we must ascertain what the *World* declares it ought not to do. Before and during the last Presidential campaign this lively paper poured out advice upon its party which, although shrewd enough, was totally disregarded. In the late Democratic contest in this State it prophesied and counseled in the loudest tones—to what result the undisputed ascendency of Mr. **Tweed** and his friends shows. As the field begins to open upon which the next Presidential struggle is to take place, the *World*, undismayed by uniform discomfiture, again dons the robes of Mentor, and proposes itself as the Democratic guide, philosopher, and friend. Its strain is now and always the same: "Politics is expediency. Submit to the inevitable. Accept the accomplished. Don't kick against the pricks, or, at least, don't seem to."

The present effort of this much-contemned counselor is to show the Democratic voters in the Southern States that there is no hope for relief from what it calls "the oppressive domination" under which they suffer but from Democratic victories in the Northern States, and that these victories are imperiled by the continued hostility of the Southern Democrats to equal suffrage. To resist what the *World* calls "negro suffrage" is, it assures its Southern brethren, to strengthen the Republican party—which has an absurd but popular way of insisting upon justice and fair play. That party will prevail, says the *World*, until you appear, at least, to acquiesce in equal rights and the settlements of the war.

Now certainly the contempt with which the *World* regards a political system founded upon equal rights should be evident enough to conciliate the most exacerbated of recent slaveholders. It gives its present advice wholly in that spirit. This notable "Democratic organ" has as much faith in the people as its friend **Louis Napoleon**, who also favors certain innocent popular forms. It offers this advice to its brethren of the Southern States exactly as Mr. **Douglas** used to offer his squatter sovereignty to the country, as a political panacea. "Let the people in the Territories decide whether they will have slavery or not." That remarkable "Democrat" did not mention that the people who were to be enslaved were to have no voice in the decision. So the *World*, as its Southern readers will see, does not ask them to appear to acquiesce in equal suffrage because it is just and American and expedient, and the proper conclusion of a fierce debate which ought to be forever settled, but only that they may acquire the power to destroy that equality and keep the question forever festering.

The *World* is regarded by many persons as an organ of the "advanced" Democracy, as opposed to clinging to dead issues, and in favor of progress and new positions. But the point of its recent advice to the Southern Democrats is contained in one sentence: "The Southern people would have no difficulty in managing the negroes if they were freed from white Radical interference exerted through the central government." That is to say, if the Southern Democrats will stop talking about a white man's government long enough for the Republicans to believe that they accept the situation, then the Democratic party can obtain power; and its Southern members may Ku-Klux the negroes to their heart's content, and the national government will neither see nor hear. And this, which is the sorriest kind of Andrew Johnsonism, is the platform of "advanced" and "intelligent" and "reasonable" Democracy!

This, moreover, is advice by which all loyal and honorable American citizens may profit. The organ of the "progressive Democracy" proposes that its party, once in power, shall permit what it calls "the Southern people," by which it means the exasperated ex-slaveholding class, to "manage the negroes" as they please. It proposes as the policy of its party that very non-acquiescence in the settlement of the question against the appearance of which, under present circumstances, it warns its Southern friends. There could be no plainer proof of what we have constantly reminded our readers, that the Democratic party acquiesces in nothing that has been accomplished by the war; and that it would regard success in a national election as express authority to reopen every question of reconstruction at discretion.

But, as we said, and as experience has proved, the advice of the *World* merely shows what its party will not do. It will not, indeed, [illegible] its resolution of "managing the negroes," but it will not cease to protest against "negro suffrage," and to insist upon a "white man's party." It has never ceased that cry. It has never, as a party, pretended to acquiesce in the settlement of the war. And, as it believes it has grown steadily stronger notwithstanding that resistance, it will be its pride to persevere. The *World's* article is serviceable only as showing that the Democrats who pretend to leave dead issues behind cling to them as tenaciously but more craftily than the others. The party is despotically ruled by those whom the *World* advises; by leaders whose policy in 1864 was submission to the rebellion, in 1868 repudiation and rebel ascendency, and whose sole hearty principle now is hatred of the negro. The necessity of giving such appealing advice as the *World* offers is proof of the absurd fact that the Democratic party is what it has been for a generation—the relentless enemy of fair play.

SYMPATHY AND NEUTRALITY.

Those who deprecate American warmth of sympathy for Prussia, fearing that the follies of the era of **Genet** may be repeated, forget the essential difference of the cases. **Genet** came to this country as the Minister of the French Republic of 1793. The sense of the valuable and timely assistance of France during the Revolution was very fresh and vivid. She had now declared herself a republic, and she was at war with England while the bitterness of American revolutionary feeling against that country was unassuaged. In this country party spirit was intense, and one of the most powerful weapons of one party was the declaration that the other was really British and monarchical, and that its hostility to republican France was base ingratitude. The French party, therefore, hailed the coming of M. **Genet** with enthusiasm. That his conduct was really contemptuous of the United States was not remarked by them. That he openly despised the Government, and proposed to "appeal to the people," as he called it, was forgiven by those to whom then, as now, the indulgence of party feeling is the dearest of delights. But **Washington** and **Hamilton** understood M. **Genet**. Even **Jefferson** was at last obliged to bow him out. The Jacobin masters of **Genet** in Paris soon after fell from power. He did not dare to return to his country, and, marrying a daughter of Governor **George Clinton**, he passed the rest of his life quietly in the State of New York.

In the present war there is really but one party in this country as elsewhere. It is a war in which **Louis Napoleon** is on one side and the rest of the world upon the other. The large number of citizens in the United States of German birth naturally sympathize with their fatherland, and eloquently express that sympathy. Some of the leaders of the Republican party, with which they are generally allied, have declared their interest in the German cause and their ardent hopes for its success. But such sympathy is in no proper sense partisan. It is the instinctive feeling of all intelligent men. They perceive that this is really a war waged by **Louis Napoleon** for his own private personal interest, although under the name of France. And they acknowledge the simple truth of King **William**'s declaration: "I am compelled to draw the sword to ward off a wanton attack. It is a great consolation to me before God and man that I have in no way given a pretext for it. My conscience acquits me of having provoked the war, and I am certain of the righteousness of our cause in the sight of God."

The whole moral sympathy of the United States, therefore, is against the wanton breaker of the peace of the world. But we are, of course, neutrals in action, although not in feeling. Nor is there any thing more comic than a sermon upon the necessity and propriety of neutral feeling; or a suggestion that, as we are neutrals, our moral sense must be suspended. It was not suspended when Turkey tortured Greece, in 1823; nor more recently when the same power was throttling Crete. Yet our sympathy is hardly likely to display itself, as that with France was displayed in 1793, by raising a liberty cap in the New York Exchange, draped with the united flags of two countries. It is not a sympathy which will disturb international relations, because it comprehends the criminal felly of taking a part in every quarrel.

ASIA AND AMERICA.

Conspicuous politicians of both parties are every where expressing themselves upon the Chinese question, and it is very evident what they believe to be the general public opinion upon the subject. Mr. **Casserly**, the Democratic Senator from California, did not spare "the pagans" on the 4th of July at Tammany Hall. General **Butler**, the most radical of Republicans, delivered himself against them on the same day in Connecticut, in the presence of the President. Senator **Wilson**, in the Senate, spoke very strongly against them. Mr. **Horatio Seymour** wrote a much more pointed letter than usual against the dregs of Asiatic civilization. General **Banks** pronounced against them in Boston. And Mr. **Wendell Phillips** has declared against the forced importation of coolies, while he is not opposed to honest immigration.

Mr. **Phillips** and Mr. **Seymour** agree upon one point, and that is, that the country does not want cheap labor, but well-paid labor. That is true; and when we are told of the material development which every where languishes for the want of labor, it seems to be forgotten that moral and spiritual development is still more essential to a nation. If five millions of laborers could be brought into the country to-morrow, because there is work enough for five million more hands, it would by no means follow that it would be an advantage to the country. The problem of civilization is not quite so easy as that. The considerations are many and complex. Thus the difficulty with the free-trade argument is that the mutual control and dependence of social and political laws are apparently forgotten. If the advantage of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market were all that needed to be urged upon a country, free trade would soon be universal. The question to be answered is whether a country may not sometimes buy a greater advantage of another kind by buying goods in the dearer market.

Yet, in the discussion of the Chinese question, it must not be forgotten that one of the most progressive steps in civilization is the perception of the essential identity of men and races. The tendency of all modern scholarship is to reveal the unity of man, and unquestionably the true tendency of civilization is toward "the federation of the world." Merely to denounce Asiatics, therefore, as if to be an Asiatic were to be a kind of monster, or to disparage the Chinese as "pagans," as if an epithet were an argument, is at once to perplex truth in the minds of all who know any thing of the actual civilization and moral code of China. Certainly we do not wish to repeat the follies of that country, nor to suppose that, in this time and in this land, any Chinese wall of exclusion can be built. We may trust American sagacity to defend American civilization from obliteration by that of Asia, without supposing it necessary to preach hatred and horror of one of the chief human races, as if every individual of it were a nameless sinner.

It is very evident, from the position already taken by leading men of all parties, that no vast Chinese current will be suffered to pour itself upon this continent. We shall not wreck ourselves upon a bald theory. Indeed, our Constitution already discriminates among the native inhabitants. It excludes Indians not taxed from the numerical basis of representation. To effect what is easily attainable under the circumstances, let us not have recourse to a crusade of sentiment against Asia.

NATIONAL UNITY IN WAR.

The London *Times* suggests that, as the war is a personal affair of **Louis Napoleon**'s, when he is defeated, and especially if he should be superseded as chief of the state, the war ought fairly to end. This is a curious proposition for a sagacious journal. For, however true it may be that personal considerations are really the secret of the eagerness with which a pretext for war was seized, yet, when hostilities began, and a battle had been fought, and a signal defeat inflicted, it was no longer **Louis Napoleon**—it was France that was concerned. French territory is invaded; French soldiers are killed and wounded and captured; French honor is touched; and, although an individual may have been the occasion of the invasion and the slaughter and the grieved honor, yet they all affect France, and France alone will attempt relief.

Mr. **Frederick Kapp**, in a letter to the *Nation*, which is the most admirable and striking statement that has appeared of the feeling and attitude of Germany, speaks of the Frenchmen as "duped." A distinguished American statesman said that he could not help hoping that the war would end in the final overthrow of the **Bonaparte** dynasty, but that he could wish no ill to Frenchmen. That is undoubtedly the general American feeling. But it is practically impossible for people to separate themselves from their Government, however unpopular it may be, when its action has compromised the country itself. How instinctively a people unites to defend the soil and maintain the honor of a common country is shown in the action of Germany. **Louis Napoleon** counted upon a divided Germany, as our rebel chiefs counted upon a divided North in the late war. **Franklin Pierce** wrote to **Jefferson Davis** that the war would be fought in the streets of Northern cities. There were, indeed, plenty of Copperheads, but they did not divide the North. In Germany, Mr. **Kapp** says, the cities which were believed to be most unfriendly to Prussia have been the most ardent in their zeal for the war, under the lead of Prussia. The Duke of Nassau declared that he would never receive his lands and crown from an outlaw like **Louis Napoleon**. This is the national instinct which makes the proposition of the London *Times* so impracticable. A country may wrathfully sweep away the man or the Government that has been the immediate occasion of disaster. But it will not rest until it has repaired the calamity.

After one great defeat upon either side, therefore, friendly intervention is hopeless. The terrible battle must proceed. That, indeed, is all that can now be distinctly seen. The prophecies and speculations of a night are ridiculed by the facts of the morning. The total defeats and disastrous humiliations of editors campaigning in their own columns are an amusing travesty of the actual incidents of the field. At this moment France seems to be simultaneously rising from the Rhine to the Bay of Biscay. There is a wild anarchy of indignation with the first great defeat and with the Government that is held responsible for it. The scenes in the Chambers, the mad threats, the mobs, vividly renew the remembrance of eighty years ago. But the events themselves move so swiftly that they leave little time for comment. **Louis Napoleon** may go or stay, but the war will not end because of one tremendous defeat.

REVOLUTION PUT TO VOTE.

The demand of the "Left" in the French Chambers after the defeat of Haguenau was a plain proposition of revolution. It was a demand that dethroned the Emperor for incapacity, and appointed a Committee of National Defense, composed of fifteen members of the National Assembly, which should be the supreme power, and to resist its decrees was to be considered a crime against the nation. It was as if, after the battle of Bull Run, the Democrats in Congress had proposed a committee to supersede the Administration. Such a proposal in a Chamber which is really Bonapartist produced, of course, the greatest excitement. **Granier de Cavagnac**, a Bonapartist *enragé*, said that if he were a Minister he would send those who voted for it before a council of war. This, of course, unloosed anarchy. When tolerable order was restored the Duke De Grammont, Minister of Foreign Affairs, said that those who demanded such a programme ought to be shot. Naturally, tolerable order disappeared again, and the President quaintly put on his hat, which suspends the session.

The Bonapartist majority resolved, however, that, since the Ministry must be sacrificed, as well as the General, to appease the popular discontent with a victim, it should be dismissed in the method pursued in constitutional countries, and not overthrown by revolution. Consequently it was a Bonapartist who virtually moved the censure upon the Ministry which the majority approved. Still pursuing the constitutional form the Ministry announced its resignation. A new Ministry was formed, but more decidedly Bonapartist than the old. As we write, the probabilities are that the **Bonaparte** system will continue until there is another defeat. A great disaster in the field would now be revolution in Paris.

NOTES.

It is significant that, while the reaction of the Roman Catholic Church culminates in the declaration of infallibility, a recent council of the Jewish rabbis of various cities of the Union, held at Cleveland, declared most strenuously for civil and religious liberty. The Jewish declaration is, in distinction to the attitude of the Roman Church in this country, truly American. "Civil and religious liberty," say the rabbis, "and hence the separation of Church and State, are the inalienable rights of men, and we consider them to be the highest gems in the Constitution of the United States." They further declare that they "consider it our paramount duty to sustain and support the government, and to favor, by all means, the system of free education, leaving religious instruction to the care of the different denominations." This is certainly much wiser than the late Œcumenical declarations at Rome, and the long list of ludicrous anathemas which the Roman Church pronounces against the chief results of civilization and religious thought.

Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the condition of the European governments and countries and our own. The President goes quietly to St. Louis upon some private business, while the heads of Departments are absent for relaxation. The capital is deserted. Even politics are languid, and the attention of the country is concentrated upon the European struggle. The desertion of the seat of government, which is a signal proof of the absence of any immediately engrossing question and of the happy national tranquillity, is made, in the dearth of actual grievance, the occasion of absurd carping. But it is a fortunate country which, while other lands are torn with war, runs so smoothly upon its way that those who are aching to find fault can only complain that the President is not consumed with anxiety, and that the Secretaries take a vacation, while taxation is reduced and the national debt steadily diminished.

Mr. **Van Amburgh** used to trust himself with lions, but Mr. **Jefferson Davis** ventures among worse than hyenas. It is not a great while since he declared that he rather preferred those animals to Yankees; yet the other day he came to this Yankee city—for he meant to stigmatize all Northerners by that name—and, totally unharmed, sailed for Europe. He was unnoticed when here, and, although a few faithful Copperheads went to the steamer's wharf in Jersey City to do honor to a man whose services to humanity and his country are indelibly recorded, he avoided their homage, and got quietly out of the country. The fact is signal evidence of the sagacity of the national policy toward him. It has refused to make him a martyr. It has dismissed him to the inexorable verdict of impartial history. It suffers him to go and come unnoticed, if not unforgotten. So for many years **Aaron Burr** walked the streets of New York unharmed. But he has not escaped history.

Every step of the Prussians in the war has been taken with serene earnestness. We mentioned at the time the immediate resolution of the Government to respect private property at sea, even under the French flag. This was humane and wise beyond precedent. But it has been followed by another measure of the same spirit. In a dignified proclamation to the inhabitants of French territory occupied by the Prussian army, the King of Prussia states that, having been attacked on sea and land by the Emperor **Napoleon**, the chances of war have brought him, while repelling aggression, beyond the French frontiers. But he says that the war is against soldiers, not against citizens. The latter, while they are not actively hostile, will be secure "as a matter of right," and what is taken will be paid for at a rate of exchange determined by the generals. Prussia has thus far made no mistake. Her temper, her words, and her actions have been most humane, honorable, and heroic.

GENERAL VON STEINMETZ.

General Frederick von Steinmetz, whose portrait we give on page 548, was born in 1796. He was sent to a military school at the age of ten years, and soon exhibited a decided predilection for the army. He was a little over sixteen years old when he was ordered to Berlin, and assigned to the corps of General **York**. Two years later he received his commission as Lieutenant, was wounded at the battle of Dannigkow, fought with distinction at Königswartha, where a ball took away one of his fingers, while another wounded him severely in the thigh. But such was the ardor of his warlike temper that, although unable to walk, he insisted upon taking part in the battle at Bautzen, in May, 1813, on horseback. He fought in France in nearly all the engagements of 1814, and entered Paris with the armies of the allies. During the long term of peace which now followed, he studied military science to great advantage, and after advancing rapidly to the rank of Captain, he was soon after assigned to the staff. During the dispute between Austria and Prussia in 1850, on account of the Electorate of Hesse, **Von Steinmetz** was ordered to Cassel, and afterward appointed commandant of the place. Although it was his earnest desire to participate in the second campaign in Schleswig-Holstein in 1864, he was ordered elsewhere, and had to remain inactive against his will. During the campaign against Austria **Von Steinmetz** commanded the Fifth Army Corps, and vanquished and dispersed three different Austrian army corps within the almost incredibly short space of four days. Here it was that the Prussian cavalry, who had been hitherto considered as inferior to the Austrian, or rather Hungarian horsemen, proved that they were not only their equals, but, in many respects, their superiors. His triumphant victory at Skalitz, against forces of more than twice the numerical strength of the corps he commanded, procured for him the name, "The Lion of Skalitz." Throughout the entire campaign **Von Steinmetz** did not meet with a single reverse, although he was often compelled to fight with the odds decidedly against him.

General **Steinmetz** has already taken an important part in the war between France and Prussia. Under his command the movement against General **Frossard** at Saarbrück was successfully made, simultaneously with the attack on the French at Weissenburg. General **Frossard** was completely routed.

M. VINCENT BENEDETTI.

M. **Benedetti**, whose interview with the King of Prussia on the public promenade at Ems is likely to become one of the disputed points of history, is of Italian extraction, and was born in Corsica about 1815. Having been educated for the diplomatic service, he began his career at Palermo, as Consul, in 1848, and subsequently became First Secretary to the Embassy at Constantinople. In May, 1859, he was offered the appointment, in place of M. **Bourrée**, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister at Teheran, but, declining to accept that post, was named shortly afterward Director of Political Affairs to the Foreign Minister, and in such capacity acted as secretary and editor of the protocols in the Congress of Paris in 1856. On the recognition by France of the new kingdom of Italy in 1861, M. **Benedetti** was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary of France at Turin, which post, however, he resigned on the retirement of M. **Thouvenel** from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He then (November 27, 1864) received his last, and, as it has proved, his most important appointment, namely, that of Embassador at Berlin. Considering the angry feeling which has so long subsisted between the two countries, this appointment must be considered a mark of the Emperor's appreciation of M. **Benedetti**'s diplomatic talent, and, although on the first announcement of the **Hohenzollern** affair great dissatisfaction was felt that the French Embassador had allowed himself to be deceived, and cries were raised for his recall, there is no reason to suppose that he has suffered in the Emperor's good opinion, while, as to the people, he entirely recovered their good graces by getting insulted. M. **Benedetti** was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in June, 1845, and, after passing through the intermediate grades, Grand Officer in June, 1860. We give his portrait on page 548.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Kioways and Cheyennes are reported as very troublesome in the vicinity of Fort Hill, Texas, and near Little Wachita, and in Cook County they have killed several people and carried women and children into captivity. Sixty soldiers were sent in pursuit, and followed them to the Wachita, where the Indians attacked them, and a severe fight ensued, in which the soldiers were compelled to fall back, with the loss of two killed and six wounded. They were reinforced, and again pursued the Indians, but the latter had left.

The result of the recent election in North Carolina is as follows: Congressional delegation—Conservatives, 5; Republicans, 2. State Senate—Conservatives, 32; Republicans, 18. House—Conservatives, 75; Republicans, 45.

The report of the Court of Inquiry into the treatment of the colored cadet at West Point has been made to the Secretary of War. It recommends that Smith and the offending cadet be tried by court-martial, the testimony of Smith himself not sustaining the representations in his published letter. The Secretary of War caused Gilmore and Smith to be reprimanded.

An "Anti-Chinese Convention," recently held in San Francisco, proved to be a mere farce. The attendance was small, and nothing was done.

Dr. Newman recently challenged Brigham Young, at Salt Lake City, to discuss the question, "Does the Bible sanction polygamy?" The prophet declined, and designated Orson Pratt to meet the doctor.

A large and very brilliant meteor passed over Concord, New Hampshire, on the evening of August 11. Its course was from the southwest to the northeast, and ended in a loud explosion.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

On page 549 we give a map of the seat of war in Europe, on which the movements of the hostile armies, since M'Mahon's defeat at Haguenau, may be traced without difficulty. It is apparent that the Prussians made the most of their surprising victory. Without a day's loss of time they followed up the retreating columns of M'Mahon and Failly, giving them no opportunity to make a stand at any position to the eastward of Nancy. It was supposed that this city would be held at any cost; but the latest dispatches received up to the time of writing state that Nancy was evacuated August 13 on the approach of the Prussians under the Crown Prince, by whom the city was immediately occupied. The French retreated across the Moselle to the fortress of Toul, a fortified town of about 7000 inhabitants, situated on the left bank of the river, and about twelve miles west of Nancy.

The advance of the Prussian right, under Prince Frederick Charles, was not less rapid. Forming a junction with the centre under Steinmetz, on the 13th of August it occupied a position at Herny, a station on the railroad line between Metz and Saarbrück, and within twenty miles of the former place. The head-quarters of King William were, on the same day, at Faulquemont, about eight miles east of Herny. The utmost confusion appears to have attended the retrograde movements of the French. General Frossard's division is said to have lost all its supplies, and immense quantities of military stores were captured in the environs of Metz.

On August 14 a battle was fought near Metz. Both sides claimed a victory. The following is Napoleon's dispatch to the Empress, which reads like the admission of a surprise, if not an apology for defeat:

"Longueville, *August* 14.—10 p.m.—The army commenced to cross the left bank of the Moselle this morning. Our advance-guard had no knowledge of the presence of any force of the enemy. When half of our army had crossed over the Prussians suddenly attacked in great force. After a fight of four hours they were repulsed with great loss to them. Napoleon."

King William, on the contrary, in the following dispatch to Queen Adelaide, dated near Metz, Sunday evening, August 14, claims a victory:

"A victorious combat occurred near Metz to-day, the troops of the First and Seventh corps participating. I hasten to the scene of the conflict. William."

The Emperor, accompanied by the Prince Imperial, left Metz August 14 for Verdun. Before leaving his Majesty issued the following proclamation, addressed to the inhabitants:

"On quitting you to fight the invaders I confide to your patriotism the defense of this great city. You will never allow the enemy to take possession of this bulwark of France, and I trust you will rival the army in loyalty and courage. I shall ever remember with gratitude the reception I have found within your walls, and I hope that in more joyous times I may be able to return to thank you for your noble conduct."

Strasbourg has been closely invested. French advices say that the city was strongly garrisoned, and well supplied with ammunition and provisions.

Paris has been put in complete order for defense, should the Prussians succeed in defeating Marshal Bazaine. More than 600 cannon have been mounted on the forts which are likely to be first threatened. All the streets leading into Paris have been cut off, and earth-works, mines, ditches, etc., have been constructed outside the walls to connect and complete the network of fortifications that surround the capital.

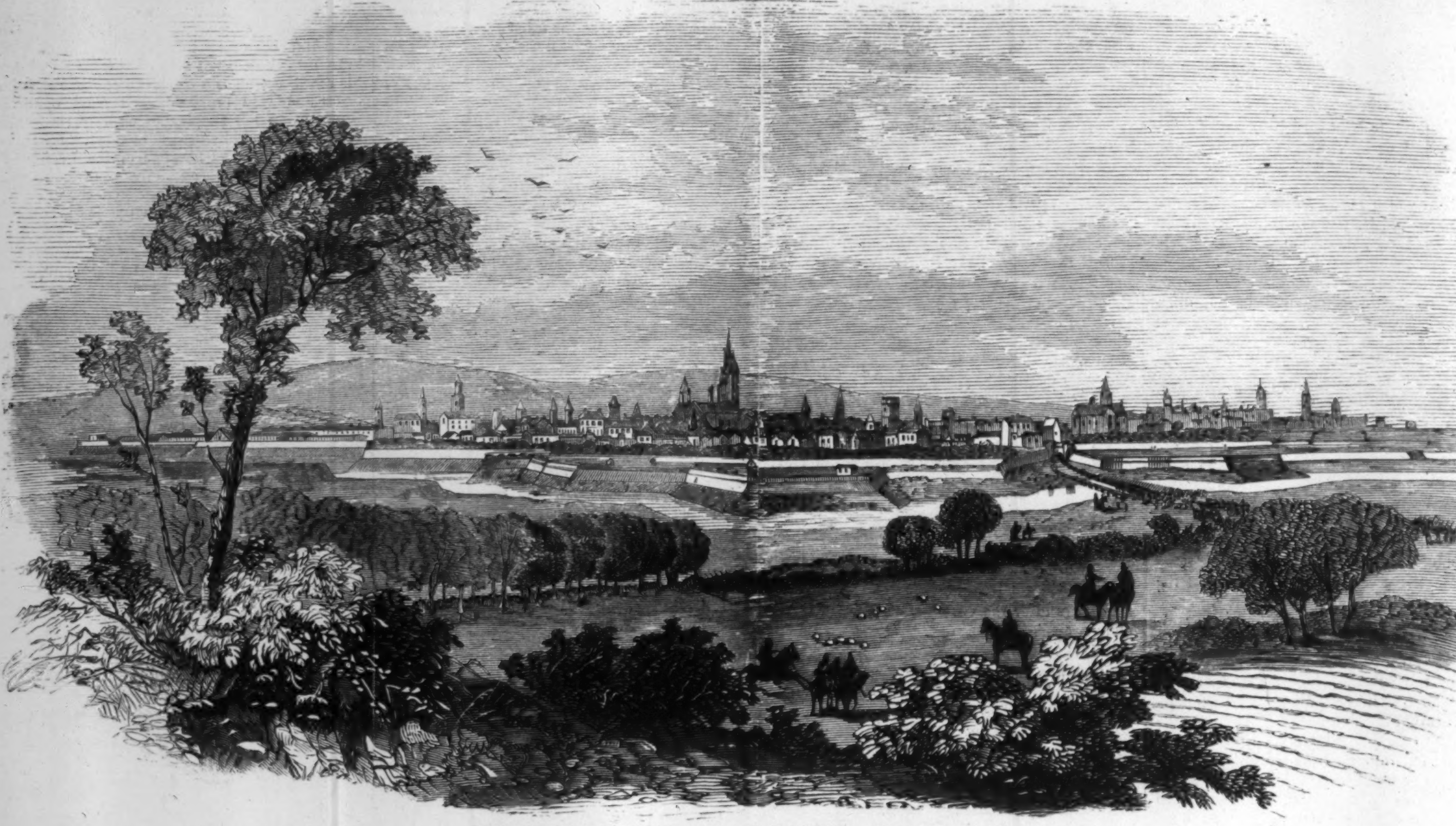
Count Palikao has issued an address to the troops, in which he blames them for firing too rapidly. At Weissenburg, he says, they used more ammunition in one day than the Prussians would in three days. The Count reminds the soldiers that they are now on the grand line of defense from Thionville to Metz and Nancy, and they must hold their ground. Back of that is the line of the Meuse; then that of Champagne; then the Argonnes; then the line of rivers illustrated by the campaign of 1814; and behind all this is Paris; and behind Paris is all France, with four millions of armed men and a thousand millions of treasure.

On Saturday, August 13, Jules Favre proposed in the French Corps Législatif that a Committee of Defense be appointed, to whom the conduct of the war should be intrusted. An exciting debate ensued, in the course of which M. Gambetta made a severe attack upon the government. This being applauded by the spectators, the galleries were cleared, and the debate was finished in secret session. The proposition was negatived by a large majority.

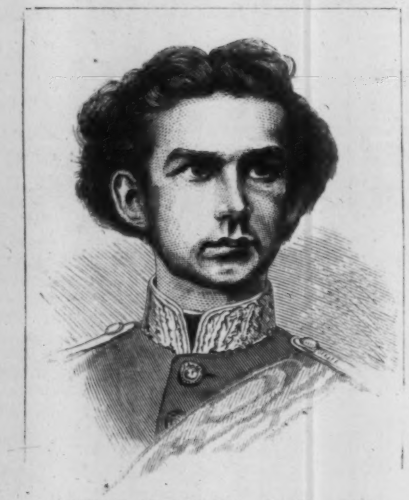
GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The telegraphic correspondence between General De Rodas and the home government with reference to reinforcements has been published. The General states that the losses from December, 1869, to July, 1870, were 3000, and by September will probably amount to 5000. It will require an equal number, he says, to replace those soldiers whose terms of enlistment expired; and, in all, 10,000 troops will be necessary to give the Spanish army in Cuba the same strength as it had last year.

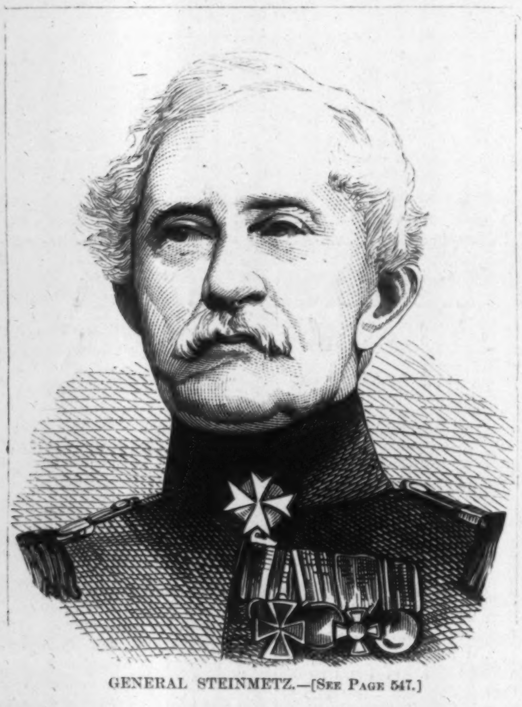
From South America it is reported that a project for electoral reforms in Brazil has been formed by the Ministry, and that a preliminary treaty of peace with Paraguay has been signed. The Emperor, it is said, will soon leave Rio Janeiro on a visit to Lisbon.



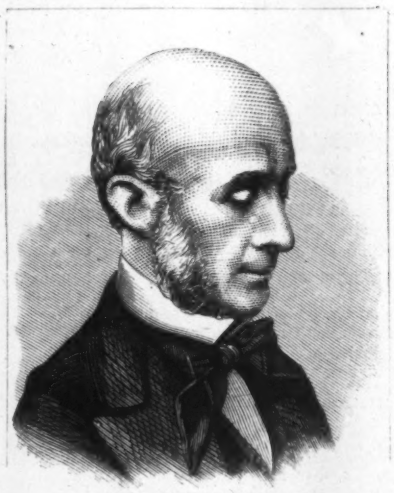
VIEW OF THE CITY OF STRASBOURG.—[SEE PAGE 555.]



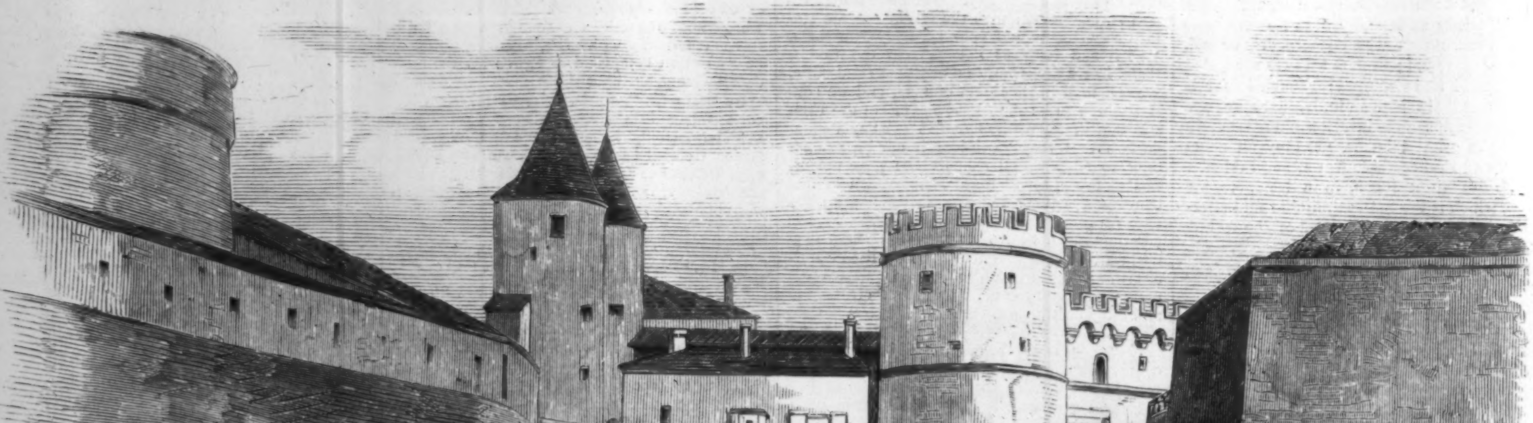
LOUIS II. OF BAVARIA.—[SEE PAGE 551.]



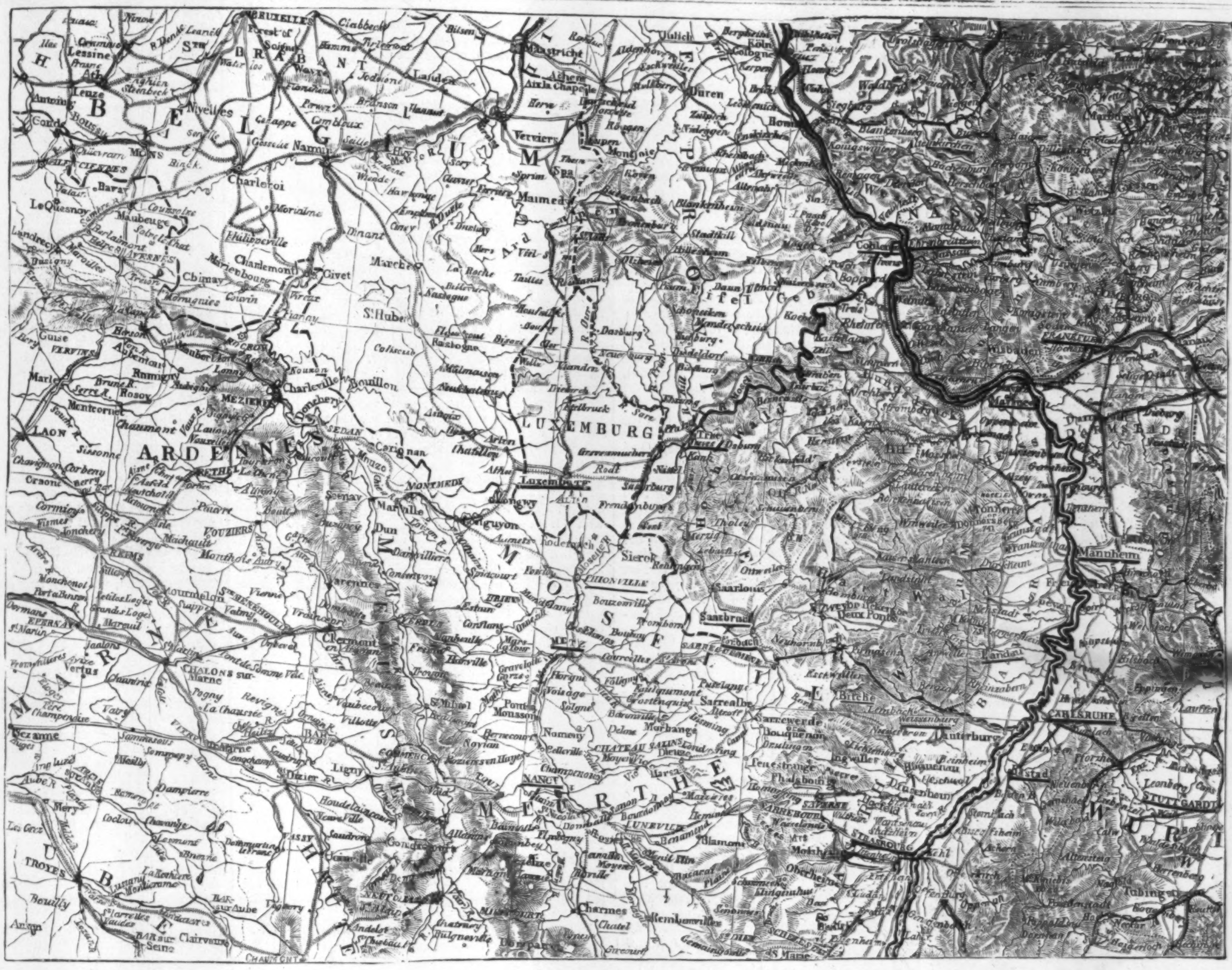
GENERAL STEINMETZ.—[SEE PAGE 547.]



M. BENEDETTI.—[SEE PAGE 547.]



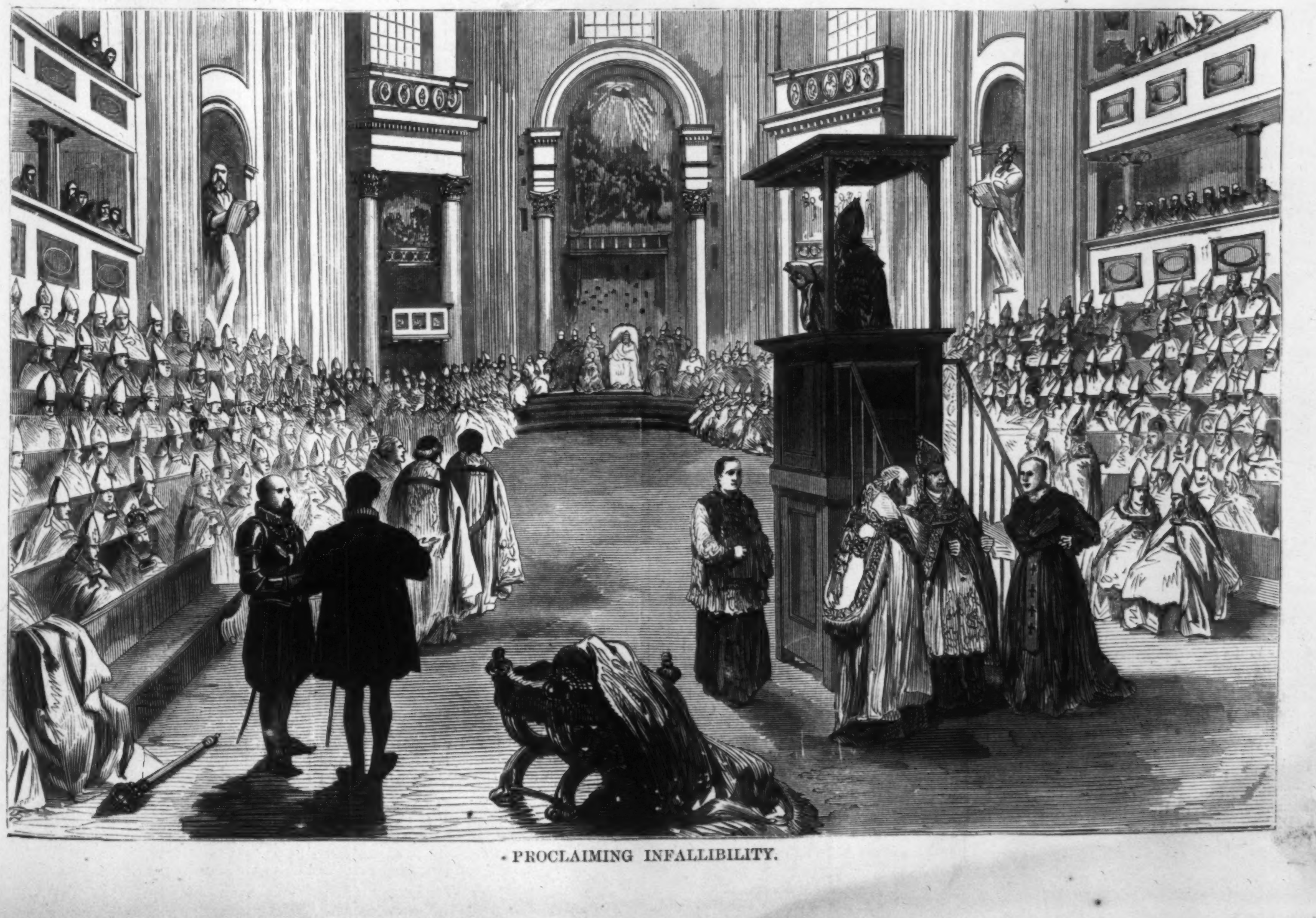
THE FORTIFICATIONS OF METZ—THE PORTE DES ALLEMANDS.—[SEE PAGE 555.]


BELGIUM
LUXEMBURG
ARDENNES
MOSELLE
MEURTHE
MARNE
AUBE
Bruxelles
Namur
Charleroi
Maastricht
Aix la Chapelle
Cologne
Coblenz
Mayence
Wiesbaden
Frankfurt
Mannheim
Carlsruhe
Stuttgardt
Strasbourg
Charleville
Mezieres
Sedan
Givet
Laon
Rheims
Chalons sur Marne
Verdun
Metz
Nancy
Luneville
Thionville
Saarlouis
Saarbruck
Bitche
Troyes
Chaumont
Spa
Malmedy
Luxemburg
Trier

MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN EUROPE.

PROCLAIMING INFALLIBILITY.

The ceremony of proclaiming the new dogma of Papal Infallibility, in accordance with the resolution of the Œcumenical Council, took place on the 18th ult., in the temporary council-hall, which is the north transept of St. Peter's Cathedral. There was no procession or other pageantry, and very few spectators were present. Two or three hundred seats of the members of the council were vacant, many having been compelled to leave Rome because of the heat of the summer. The Pope having entered quietly and taken his seat, a mass was performed, and was followed by the Litany of the Saints, and the hymn "Veni Creator." The secretary to the council then read the decree announcing the doctrine of Infallibility, and the names of all the members of the council were called over, each father responding with "Placet" or "Non placet." This lasted an hour and a half, during which time there was a violent thunder-storm; the loud peals frequently interrupted the reading of the list, while flashes of lightning darted about the majestic building. When the record of the voting was taken up to the Pope the storm-clouds made it so dark that he could not read it without a huge wax taper. His announcement



PROCLAIMING INFALLIBILITY.

of the result was received by the assembly with a great clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs. It appears that 533 fathers voted for the dogma, 88 voted directly against it, 62 were in favor of it with some modifications, and 70 declined to vote. We give an illustration of the scene when the secretary was reading the decree from the pulpit at the lower end of the hall. The Pope is seen enthroned at the upper end.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

IN BLOOMSBURY.

It was the evening of the day after Yorke had listened to his own biography, and night had long fallen upon the shivering woods of Crompton; the rain fell heavily also upon roof and sky-light with thud and splash. It was a wretched night, even in town, where man has sought out so many inventions to defy foul weather and the powers of darkness. The waste-pipes could not carry off the water from the houses fast enough, choke and gurgle as they would; the contents of the gutters overflowed the streets; and wherever the gas-lights shone was reflected a damp glimmer. In a large room on the ground-floor of Rupert Street, Bloomsbury, sat a woman writing, and undisturbed by the dull beating of the rain without. She often raised her head, intermitted her occupation, and appeared to listen; but it was to the voices of her Past that she was giving heed, and not to the ceaseless patter of the rain. What power they have with us, those voices! While they speak to us we hear nothing else; we know of nothing that is taking place; there is no Present at all; we are living our lives again. If purely, so much the better for us; if vilely, viciously, there is no end to the contaminating association. It is to escape this that some men work, and others pray. The furniture of the room was peculiar to the neighborhood; massive, yet cheap. It had been good once; but long before it came into the hands of her who now owned it. There was the round bulging looking-glass; the side-board was adapted for quite a magnificent show of plate and tankards—only there were none; a horse-hair sofa, from which you would have seen the intestines protruding had it not been for the continuous gloom. If the sun ever visited Rupert Street, it shone on the other side of the way. On the mantel-piece were two of those huge shells in which the tropic deep is ever murmuring. Who that has taken lodgings in London does not know them? Who has not sometimes forgotten the commonplaces of his life in listening to those cold lifeless lips? If you take them up on their own tropic shore, they will tell you of the roar of London streets.

There were two articles in the room, however, which were peculiar to itself. The one was a human skull—to all appearance, the same as all other skulls, the virtue of which has gone out of them, though it had once belonged to no common man. The second object could still less be termed an ornament than the first, although it was a picture. It depicted a woman of frightful aspect, having but one eye, and a hare-lip; she was standing up, and appeared to be declaiming or dictating; while an old cripple, at a table beside her, took down her words in writing. If you had gone all over the rest of the house—and it was a large one—you would have found nothing else remarkable, or which did not smack of Bloomsbury. It was, indeed, nothing but a lodging-house, and the room we have described was the private apartment of its mistress. She might consult her own private taste, she considered, in her own room, else the skull and the picture occasionally rather shocked "the daintier sense" of the new lodgers, to whom the landlady gave audience in this apartment. She is as little like a lodging-house keeper, to look at, as can be imagined. Her cheeks are firm and fresh-colored, her teeth white and shining, her eyes quite bright, and her hands plump. To one who knows her age, as we do—she is fifty-three—she looks like an old woman who has found out the secret of perpetual youth, but has kept it for her own use, as, in such a case, every woman probably would do. There is only one piece of deception in her appearance: her black hair, which clusters over her forehead like a girl's, is dyed of that color: it is in reality as white as snow. By lamp-light, as you see her now, she might be a woman of five-and-twenty, penning a letter to her love. But she is, in fact, writing to her son; for it is Mrs. Yorke. Writing to him, but not thinking of him, surely, when she frowns as now, and leans back in her chair with that menacing and angry look. No; her anger is not directed against *him*, although he has left her and home, long since, upon an adventure of which she disapproved.

"You will gain nothing for yourself, Richard," was her warning; "and, perhaps, may wreck even *my* scanty fortunes." But, as we know, her son had taken his own way (as he was wont to do), and had so far prospered. She was writing a reply to the letter she had received from him from Crompton that very morning, and the task was one that naturally evoked some bitter memories.

"So he put him in the ebony chamber, did he?" they ran on. "Ay, that was *my* room once. What a pretty chime that serpent-clock had; and how often have I heard it in the early morning as I lay there—alone! If it had not been for that hateful woman, I might have been listening to it now! He seems as mad as ever, by Dick's account, and, I do not doubt, as brutal and as selfish! And yet it was *he* that suffered, *he* that was wronged, *he* that was to be pitied! His wife was the adventuress, forsooth! who deserved all she got. Oh, these men, these men, that treat us as they please, because they are so sure of sympathy, even from our fellow-slaves and sisters!"

She bent again to her occupation, but only for a minute. "All this is labor in vain, Dick," muttered she, laying down her pen; "the luck is gone both from you and from me. If I were thirty years younger, indeed, and might have my chance once more, I would tame your father yet. I ought to have beaten his meek-faced mother out of doors; I ought to have trained his bold-eyed girl to work my will with him. She should have been my accomplice, and not hers; but, now, what boots it that old age has spared me? Yonder is the only woman!"—she looked toward the picture—"who has found a way to win mankind, save as their toy. My reign has been longer than that of most; but it is over." She rose, and, holding up the lamp, surveyed herself, with a mocking face, in the round glass. "And this was once Jane Hardcastle, was it? *This* was her face, and *this* her figure! No drunkard, staggering home through such a night as this, could take me for her now! She had wits too; and better for me had I lost them with all the rest; then I should not have the sense to be so bitter! What a future she must once have had before her, if she had but known what men were made of! It is only when too late that such women discover what they have missed. This mad Carew was tinder to a flash of these bright eyes; and the fool Yorke, except in his wild creeds, as pliant as a hazel twig. I used to think yonder woman was an idiot, because she believed in a place of torment; but she was right there. Yes, Joanna," she continued, apostrophizing the picture, "I'm compelled to confess that you are right; for, being in hell, it is idle to deny its existence."

She placed the lamp once more upon the table, yet did not seat herself beside it, but walked hastily up and down the room. "To be young no more, to be poor and powerless, to have no hope in this world nor belief in a better, to have lost even belief in one's self—is not that to be in Gehenna! I am punished for my sins, men say. Hypocrites! liars! Why is *he* not punished? Why is he proud, and strong, and prosperous? Sins? If Judgment-day should come to-morrow, my soul would be as pure as snow beside that man's! ay, and beside most men's! Joanna here knew *that*—I suppose by inspiration; for how else should she? What's that?"

Amidst the pelting of the rain, which had increased within the last few hours rather than diminished, the pulling of the house-bell could be heard. Mrs. Yorke drew forth her watch—a jeweled trinket of exquisite beauty, one of the few relics of her palmy time. "Past midnight," she murmured, "and all the lodgers are within. Who can it be?"

The bell pealed forth again.

She went into the hall, where the gas was burning, and unlocked the door. At the same time somebody flung himself violently against it, but the chain was up.

"Who is it?" inquired she; and it was strange, at such a moment, to hear how very soft and musically she spoke, although, when talking to herself a while ago, her tones had been harsh and bitter as her mood.

"It is I, mother," returned the voice from outside.

She unhitched the chain, and let him in. "I knew it would be so, Dick," said she, quietly.

Richard was pale and haggard, and shone from head to foot with the rain, which poured off his water-proof coat in streams.

"You were right, mother," said he, as he kissed her cheek. "No reproaches. Let me have food and fire."

She brought him socks and slippers, made a cheerful blaze, and set cold meat and spirits upon the table.

He ate voraciously, and drank his hot brandy-and-water, while Mrs. Yorke worked busily at an antimacassar, in silence.

"You are not disappointed at seeing me, that's one thing, mother?"

"No. Read that." She pushed across to him the letter she had been writing to him that evening, and pointed to this sentence: "You have my good wishes, but *not* my hopes—I have no hopes. I shall be surprised if I do not have you back again before the week is out."

"Just so," said the young man, cynically. "You have the pleasure, then, which your dear friend Joanna there never enjoyed, of seeing your own prophecy accomplished; and I, for my part, have three hundred pounds to solace myself with for what has certainly been a disappointment."

"I am glad you are so philosophic, Dick. It is the best thing we can be, if we can't be religious. How did it all happen?"

"I scarcely know the plot (for there *was* a plot), but only the *dénouement*. I had offended a certain Mr. Fane, toady-in-ordinary to Frederick Chandos."

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Yorke, shaking her head.

"Yes; you were right again, mother, there—the whole affair is a tribute to your sagacity, if you will only permit me to narrate it to you. I say that this fellow Fane, when walking with his patron's brother, stupid Jack, had me pointed out to him in town one day as the man who had 'pulled him through,' as he called it. Can you imagine how even such a fool as he could have been so mad? It was an act of suicide, which, so far as I know, fools never commit. Well, Fane was pretty certain of the identity of your humble servant, which he was, moreover, anxious to establish, because I had beaten him at pool, and given him the rough side of my tongue."

"Oh, Dick, Dick! have skillful hand and ready speech been only given you to make enemies?"

Richard laughed, and lighted a cigar.

"Well, sometimes, mother, the most prudent of us are carried away by our own genius. I am told that even you, for instance, lost your temper upon a certain occasion down at Crompton—gave a 'piece of your mind' to my father, which, it seems, he took as a sample of the whole of it. There, don't be angry: the provocation, it must be allowed, was in your case greater than mine; but then you pique yourself on your self-control! However, this Fane did hate me, and told the chaplain of his suspicions; the good parson was my friend, however, and all might have gone well, but for this oaf—this idiot Jack—coming down to Carew's in person. He could never get any coin out of 'Fred,' it appears, by letter; or, perhaps, he couldn't 'write!' But there he was in the big drawing-room when I went in last night, and Carew saw his jaw drop at the sight of me. He had not the sense to shut it even afterward, though I told him he had made a mistake, and gave him every chance. I could have persuaded him, indeed, out of his own identity—and much more mine—only that he appealed to Fane; and then the game was up. It would have made me laugh had I not been so savage. Carew turned us both out of the house together. His love of truth would not permit him, it seems, to harbor us. So Jack and I went to the inn, played *écarté* all night, and parted the best of friends this morning. But I'll be even with that fellow Fane—yes; by Heaven, I will, if it's a score of years hence!"

Perhaps the light satiric tone which the young man had used throughout his narrative was little in accordance with the feelings which really agitated him; but, at all events, his last few words were full of malignant passion.

"Be even, Dick, by all means, with every body," observed Mrs. Yorke, coolly, "but do not indulge yourself in revenge. Revenge is like a game at battle-door, wherein one can never tell who will have the last hit."

"At the same time, it is one of those few luxuries which those who have least to lose can best afford," said Richard, with the air of a moralist.

"It is not cheap, however, even to them," returned Mrs. Yorke, still busy with her antimacassar. "It may cost one one's life, for instance."

"And what then?" inquired Richard, carelessly.

"Nobody knows 'what then,' Dick. Our fanatic yonder had one opinion; our philosopher there"—she pointed to the skull—"another. Both of them know by this time, and yet can not tell us. It is the one case where the experience of others can not benefit ourselves."

This subject had no charms for Richard. When we are what is vulgarly called "in the sulks," and displeased (if we were to own it) with the system of universal government in this world, the next seems of but little importance. There may be a miscarriage of justice (that is, a thwarting of our particular wishes) even *there*. Perhaps Mrs. Yorke was aware that her son's clouded face did not portend religious or metaphysical speculation, for she abruptly changed the subject.

"And what are you going to do, Dick, now that this Crompton plan has failed?"

He did not answer, but stood with his back to the fire, moodily stroking his silken mustache.

"Richard"—she rose, and placed her plump white hand upon his shoulder—"it is very, very seldom that I ask a favor of you, but I am about to do so now. Promise me that you will never again undertake for another what you undertook for this man Chandos."

He laughed, as he had laughed before, in bitter fashion. "Why not? It was fifty pounds down; and apparently no risk: that is, no risk from the law, which has omitted to provide for the contingency. Next to being above the law is surely to be ahead of it. Besides, I am really a public benefactor. Without my help, the state would already have been deprived of the services of four young gentlemen, all of excellent families. Of course, such a calling has its disadvantages. It is very difficult to obtain clients. The offer of one's valuable assistance is liable to be declined uncivilly—it requires the talents of a diplomatist to convey it without offense—still, I possess those talents. Again, undoubtedly the profession is in itself temporary, can never be permanent; but then, has not nature especially favored me for it, after my mother's model? Shall I not be a boy at forty, and blooming at fifty-three? The idea of you being fifty-three, mother!"

As they stood together side by side it seemed, indeed, impossible that this young man could be her son, far less the offspring of her middle age. She smiled upon him sadly, patting his handsome cheek. "And is my Richard so full-grown a man," said she, "as to flatter, and not to grant?" It was impossible to imagine a more winsome voice, or a more tender tone.

"Nay, mother; I will promise, if you please," said the young fellow, kissing her. "And now, let us divide this Crompton spoil together." He pulled out his purse, and counted the contents. "There is Carew's three hundred, a few pounds I won at pool, and dull Jack's I O U for twenty—worth, perhaps, five. Come, we two are partners in the game of life, you know, and must share alike."

"No, Dick, no," returned his mother, tenderly; "it is enough for me to see you win." She shut the purse, and forced it back into his unwilling hand. "Some day, I trust, you will sweep away a great stake—though not as you gained this."

"Ah, you mean an heiress! You think that every woman must needs fall in love with me, because *you* have done so, mother."

His rage and bitterness had vanished, as though by magic; her tone and touch had spirited them away.

"Perhaps I do, dear. Go to bed, and dream of one. You must be very tired. I ought not to say that I am glad to see you back, Dick; yet how can I help it?"

CHAPTER X.

OVER THE EMBERS.

It was one of the peculiarities of Jane Yorke that she took but little sleep. The household had long retired, and she put the remains of her son's meal away with her own hands, then sat down by the fire, thinking. She had more subject for thought than most women; her life had been eventful, her experience strange. We know what her second husband—the man who repudiated her and her child—had been and was. Her first husband had been scarcely less remarkable. Leonard Yorke was a young man of respectable family, and of tolerable means. His parents were dead, and his relatives and himself had parted company early. They were sober, steady people, connected with the iron trade: a share in their house of business at Birmingham, carried on in the name of his two uncles, was the only tie between him and them, save that of kinship. They were strong Unitarians, strong political economists, strong in their rugged material fashion every way. They did not know what to do with a nephew who was a religious zealot, and thought all the world was out of joint; and they had characteristically sought for assistance in the advertising columns of the *Times*. Mr. Hardcastle therein proclaimed himself as having a speciality for the reduction and reform of intractable young gentlemen, and they had consigned Leonard to his establishment. It was the best thing that they could think of—for they were genuinely conscientious men—and they did not grudge the money, though the tutor's terms were high. Jane was then a very young girl—so young, indeed, that parents and guardians would scarcely have taken alarm had they been aware of her being beneath the same roof with their impressionable charges; and she was childish-looking even for her tender years. Leonard Yorke, gentle and good-humored, was moved with compassion toward the orphan girl, as guileless-eyed as a saint in a picture; he pitied her poverty, and, still more, the worldly character of her uncle and her surroundings. She was wholly ignorant of the spiritual matters which engrossed his being, and yet so willing to be taught. She sat at his feet, and listened by the hour to the outpourings of his fervid zeal. If she did not understand them, she was in no worse position than himself. His tongue was fluent. His words were like a lambent flame, playing with some indestructible material. His mind was weak, and devoted to metaphysical speculations—mysticisms: the *arcana cœlestia* of Swedenborg was Holy Writ to him. He believed in three heavens, and their opposites. Jane's endeavors were directed to make him believe in a fourth heaven. Childlike and immature in appearance, she was in character exceedingly precocious. Her intelligence was keen and practical. In very early years it had been instilled into her that her future welfare would depend upon her own exertions, and she never forgot the lesson. Her uncle was very generous to her; but he was not the man to have saved money for his own offspring, if he had had any, and far less for his niece; he spent every shilling of his income. Little Jane would secretly have preferred to receive in hard cash the sums which he lavished upon her in indulgences; she would have dispensed with her pony, and kept a steed in the stable for herself of another sort. The rainy day was certain to come some time or other to her, and she would have liked to have made provision for it—a difficult matter for most of us, and for her impossible. She was wise enough, even then, to know how Uncle Hardcastle would have received any suggestion of a prudential nature, and she held her tongue.

In Leonard Yorke, if she did not comprehend his doctrine of "perpetual subsistence," she perceived a provision for her future. At one-and-twenty, indeed, he made his pupil his wife, to the astonishment rather than the scandal of the neighborhood. They opined that it was only in the East, or in royal families who wedded by proxy, that brides ran so young. Jane Hardcastle, however, was in reality eighteen years of age.

Yorke Brothers, of Birmingham, had nothing to say against the match, but they objected to a Swedenborgian partner in the iron trade, and bought their nephew at a fair price out of the business. They did not offer to take him back again, when, five years later, he became a true believer in the faith of Mary Joanna Southcott and the coming of the young Shiloh. This lady, whose portrait, with that of her spiritual amanuensis, hung in Mrs. Yorke's sitting-room, had been her only rival in the affections of her husband. She had not been jealous of her upon that account, feeling pretty certain, perhaps, that the "affinity" between them was Platonic; but she had rather grudged the money with which he had so lavishly relieved the "perplexities" of "the handmaid." The amanuensis used to issue I O U's at Joanna's dictation, to be paid with enormous interest Hereafter, and Leonard Yorke was always ready to discount her paper. There was no one that subscribed more munificently than he did toward the famous "cradle," or looked more devoutly for its expected tenant. Even when that long-looked-for 19th of October had come and gone without sign, and two months later his poor deluded idol passed away into that future with which she had been so rashly familiar, he was faithful to her yet, and kept the "seal" which she had given him—his passport to the realms of bliss—as his dearest treasure. He had scarcely any other "effects" by that time, for, actuated by his too fervent faith, he had been living upon the principle of his fortune; and at five-and-thirty years of age Mrs. Yorke found herself a widow, with a stock of very varied experience indeed, but not much more of worldly wealth than she had had to start with. It was hard, after half a lifetime, to resume the same semi-relative, semi-dependent position under her uncle's roof which she had occupied before; but no better offered itself, and she was glad to accept it. Her natural attractions were still wondrously preserved to her; and, perhaps, on the occasion of her second nuptials (and the fact of her first was carefully concealed), her age excited less astonishment than her youth had done in the former instance.

Yet now at fifty-three, this woman, as remarkable for her talents as for her beauty, and who, if but for a brief period, had once stood "on fortune's crowning slope," found herself with little beyond a bare subsistence, which she received without gratitude from the hands of Carew. What she derived from her lodging-house defrayed the somewhat lavish expenditure of her son Richard. She was far, however, from complaining of his extravagances. She wished him to live like a gentleman, and not to soil his hands with ignoble pursuits. She felt a genuine pleasure—only known to mothers—in gathering toilsomely together what she knew he would lightly spend. She was for the present amply repaid by the reflection, that her Dick was as handsome and well-appointed a young fellow as was to be seen in London, with an air and manner that would become a prince. It was only a question of time, she thought, when the princess should appear, be captivated, and raise him to the sphere for which she had taken care to fit him. In the mean time, it was only natural that he should enjoy himself after the manner of other youth of great expectations. She was not averse to his dissipations, for in them indeed lay his best chance of getting acquainted with young men of this class; nor, so far, had she been disappointed. It would be surprising to many a stately paterfamilias to learn how easily acquaintanceship, and even friendship, is contracted with his male offspring, if they be among the pleasure-seekers of the town. A young man of good address and exterior, with plenty of money in his pocket, does not require introduction. The club door soon flies open to him, but not that of the home. Richard was on tolerably intimate terms with Chandos, and other young men of the same class—but he had never been introduced to their sisters. It was here that Mrs. Yorke made her mistake: she thought she understood society because she had studied two exceptional phases of it. There is nobody more short-sighted than the Bohemian, who imagines he is a citizen of the world; his round of life may have no fence in the shape of convention, yet it is often very limited, and it is outside every other.

Mrs. Yorke judged of all men by her knowledge of her late husband and of Carew, and of women by herself. If it had not been for the artificialities of society, she might have been right; but they are powerful, and she knew little about them. In some matters she was exceedingly sagacious. She did not entertain the alarm which would have been felt by some mothers with respect to her son's morals, probably exposed to some danger by his mode of life; perhaps she had not their scruples; and yet it is strange to see how light those weigh, even with our severest matrons, when any question of "position" is in the other scale: they will not only permit their sons to herd with *roués*, provided they are persons of distinction, but even accept them for their sons-in-law. Mrs. Yorke, being daughterless, had no temptation to commit this latter crime, but she was not displeased to imagine her Richard a man of gallantry; he would in that case be less likely to fall a victim to undowered charms. "It is not your man-about-town who sacrifices his future in a love-match," was her reflection. On the other hand, no one knew better than herself what an easy prey to woman's wiles is a young gentleman without experience. It was for this reason, as well as because she loved to have her boy about her, that she had opposed Richard's going to Midlandshire. She knew Carew too well to hope that he would ever take into favor a son of hers, and she distrusted the country, with its opportunities for ensnaring youth into matrimonial engagements. Thirty years ago, in a fortnight of village life together, she would have backed herself to have got a promise of marriage out of the Pope; and she did not believe this to be one of the lost arts among young persons of her sex.

Thus Mrs. Yorke had strained every nerve to get the necessary funds to make town-life pleasant to her son, and yet she had not succeeded. It was not so much that he found his allowance insufficient, for he had various means of supplementing it, one of them (at which we have already hinted) a strange one enough; but the wayward fit was on him that takes so many of us in the early dawn of manhood; he was restless and eager for change, and the lessons which his mother had caused him to receive in landscape-painting furnished him with an excuse for wandering. She had had him taught to sketch, because it was a likely sort of accomplishment to aid the scheme of life which she had planned for him; and he had taken up with the art more seriously than with any thing else. But it was not in Richard's nature to apply himself with assiduity to any pursuit. Such callings as lay within his means and opportunities he was incapacitated for by education and temper. He could not have occupied any subordinate position that required respectful behavior—submission to the will of a master. He had had to put the greatest restraint upon himself during his brief residence at Crompton, and it was more than doubtful if he could have maintained his position there as a dependent in any case. He was gentle and good-humored, genial and agreeable, when pleased; but he had that personal pride which is as stubborn as any haughtiness of descent, and infinitely more inflammable. It was no idle brag when he told the Crompton chaplain that he would put up with injustice from no man (if he could help it), and would repay his wrong-doer sevenfold (if he got the chance). His sense of right was very acute and sensitive, especially as respected himself. All his passions were strong. Much of this might probably be said of any young gentleman of position accustomed to have his own way: lads of spirit (who can afford it) do not put up with slights; young noblemen in moments of exhilaration may even pitch into policemen; and generally, where there is no temptation to offend, much is forgiven. The danger in Richard Yorke's case was that his position was far from assured, while he had done some things which might prove great obstacles to his ever winning one. He had all the sensitiveness and impatience of one born to fortune, without the money.

Mrs. Yorke was too wise a woman not to be acquainted with her son's character. Her love for him was very great; as great and disinterested as that with which the most religious and well-principled of women regard their offspring; but it did not blind her to his faults. Her experience of life had not led her to expect perfection; her standard of morals was of very moderate height, and Dick came fully up to it; yet she felt that her son was headstrong, impulsive, and occasionally ungovernable. He had taken his own line in respect to his dealings with Chandos and with others, in spite of her urgent entreaties. Her opposition, though fruitless, had indeed been so strenuous that the subject was a sore one between them; and had the opportunity been less palpable, she would scarcely have ventured to revert to it that night. She had done so, however, and carried her point. He had passed his word to her that he would undertake no more such hazards, and Dick's word was as steadfast as Carew's. He was aimless and indolent; but as a mean man, who brings himself to perform some act of munificence, will effect it unsparingly, or a selfish man, "when he is about it," will be all self-abnegation; so, when he *had* made up his mind, his determination was rock. Mrs. Yorke then felt sure of her son so far, and rejoiced at it. But she was disturbed about him on other accounts. Perhaps, notwithstanding her assertion to the contrary, she may have had some scanty hopes of her son's success at Crompton; or perhaps his want of it placed before her for the first time the gigantic obstacles that lay in his social path. Were the times really gone by which she had known, wherein personal beauty, and youth, and grace of manner could win their way to any height? Or did she misjudge her own sex, while so sagacious an observer of the other? Her Dick was still very young; but his appearance should surely have done something for him even now; yet hitherto it had won him nothing but friendships of doubtful value, one of which, indeed, had just done him infinite hurt. Were girls with fortunes, then, as prudent and calculating as those who were penniless, as she had been? It did not strike her that they were infinitely more unapproachable; or rather, such was her estimation of her son's attractions, that she thought he had only to be seen in his opera-stall to become the magnet of every female heart. Had she been mistaken altogether in her plan for his future?

As she sat over the dropping embers of the fire, while the ceaseless rain huddled against the pane without, a terrible vision crossed her mind. She saw her son, no longer young, wan with dissipation and excess, peevish and fretting for the luxuries which she herself, old and decrepit, could no longer procure for him. She even heard a voice reproaching her as the cause of their common ruin: "Why did you humor me, woman, when I should have been corrected? Why did you bring me up to beggary, as though I had been a prince? why have taught me nothing whereby I could now at least earn my daily bread? Why did you let me lavish in my youth the money which, frugally husbanded, might now have supported us in comfort? Why did you do all this—you who were so boastful of your worldly wisdom?" For a moment, so great was her mental anguish, that she almost looked her age—not that the picture had any terrors for herself, but upon her son's account alone. She may not have been penitent, as good folks are, but her heart was full of another's woe, and had no room left for one selfish regret. She had (in her vision) ruined both; but it was only for dear Dick that her tears fell. If the guardian angel, which is said to watch for a time by every one of us, had not given up his disappointing vigil at poor Mrs. Yorke's elbow, a tremor of delight then stirred him limb and wing. Nay, perhaps in the Great Day, when all our plans shall be scrutinized, whether they have been carried out or not, this poor, impotent, fallacious one, which worldly Mrs. Yorke had formed for her son's future, will stand, perchance, when others which recommend themselves better to human eyes have toppled down, because built on the rotten foundations of self. There will certainly be many worse ones. She did not propose to sell her offspring, as match-making mothers do, to evil bidders. In her doting thought her Dick would make any woman happy as his wife. At all events, right or wrong, judicious or otherwise, her scheme must now be adhered to: it was too late to take up with any other. The vision of its failure had faded away, and she could think the matter out with her usual calmness.

The gray dawn creeping through the shutter-chinks found her thinking still; but ere the dull sounds of awakening life were heard above stairs, and before the coming of the sleepy, slatternly maid to "do the parlor," Mrs. York had arrived at her conclusion.

The early matin prime, she was wont to say, was always her brightest hour, but it found her, on the present occasion, white and worn, not with her long vigil, but because it was "borne in upon her," as poor Joanna used to say, that her son and she must part for his own good: so soon as the spring should come she would bid him go. London, where all was prudence and constraint, was no place to win the bride she sought for him. He should go forth into the country, where even heiresses were still girls, and win her, as troubadour of old, but with sketch-book in hand instead of harp. Not a promising scheme, one might say; but then, what schemes for a young man's future, who has no money, *are* promising nowadays? Moreover, it could be said of it (as can not be often said) that, such as it was, her Richard was by nature adapted for it; and—though this was a less satisfactory reflection—was adapted for nothing else.

LOUIS II. OF BAVARIA.

King Louis of Bavaria, who was at one time supposed to be nothing but a romantic, not to say silly, worshiper of the composer Wagner, seems to have succeeded in shaking off the boyish fancies that once blinded him to his true career, and to have taken the manly position which the head of a nation should occupy. Following the example of King William of Prussia, he has taken the field at the head of his Bavarian army, which is assisting at the siege of Strasbourg. The portrait which we give of him on page 548 shows a rather youthful face, but one not incapable of manly determination.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

If I run up an account with great ease, can any one tell me how to get down again?

An intelligent youth, recently engaged in a commercial office, made out a shipping bill for "fourty" barrels of flour. His employer called his attention to an error in the spelling of forty. "Sure enough," replied the promising clerk, "I left out the *gh*."

At a marriage ceremony in Wickford, Rhode Island, lately, the groom became impatient during the extended prayer, and interrupted the clergyman with, "Elder, ain't that 'bout enough?"

At a club, of which Jerrold was a member, a fierce Jacobite and a friend as fierce of the cause of William III. were arguing noisily, and disturbing less excitable conversationalists. At length the Jacobite, a brawny Scot, brought his fist down heavily upon the table, and roared at his adversary, "I tell you what it is, Sir; I spit upon your King William!" The friend of the Prince of Orange was not to be outmastered by mere lungs. He arose and roared back to the Jacobite, "And I, Sir, spit upon your James the Second." Jerrold, who had been listening to the uproar in silence, hereupon rang the bell and shouted, "Waiter, spittoons for two!"

A story is told of Lord Clarendon, who entered on one occasion a restaurant in the Palais Royal, to dine as a simple *bourgeois*. Having ordered a frugal meal, he called for a bottle of Champagne. The waiter, anticipating the customer might not be able to settle, whispered the price was twenty-five francs a bottle, in hopes to put an end to his lordship's extravagance. "Oh! in that case," said the Earl, "bring me two bottles."

Sorosis isn't any thing new. There is an older woman's club than that—the broomstick.

In a Hoosier court a witness, being asked how he knew certain persons were man and wife, replied, "Why, dog on it, haven't I heard 'em scold more'n fifty times!"

"And so you have married a Mr. Penny," said a gentleman to a lady of his acquaintance. "No—Mr. Pence." "Ah, you have done better than I thought!"

At Oxford, England, some twenty years ago, a tutor of one of the colleges limped in his walk. Stopping one day last summer at a railroad station, he was accosted by a well-known politician, who recognized him, and asked him if he was not the chaplain at the college at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. "I was there," said the interrogator, "and I knew you by your limp." "Well," said the doctor, "it seems that my limping made a deeper impression on you than my preaching." "Ah, doctor," was the reply, with ready wit, "it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."

A little boy three years old, who has a brother of three months, gave as a reason for the latter's good conduct: "Baby doesn't cry tears because he doesn't drink any water; and he can't cry milk."

A man telling about a wonderful parrot hanging in a cage from the window of a house which he had often passed, said, "It cries 'Stop, thief!' so natural that every time I hear it I *always stop*."

A crusty old bachelor says that women's hearts are as brittle as glass, and a man who wishes to engrave his name on them must use diamonds, or he will not be successful.

Hints to Bathers.—Unless you are staying at a very fashionable hotel, it will not be necessary to enter the water attired in a dress-coat and white kids; and if you are not very anxious about staying in a certain length of time, do not take your watch in with you. Persons liable to take cold from damp feet will find gum shoes serviceable during the bath; and if the ocean is as dusty as it is sometimes in the theatres, a linen duster will be nice to have along to protect your suit. If you are a small man, never try to bathe a fat woman who weighs more than three hundred pounds. Never bathe while you are at dinner; but it will be well, if you intend to try swimming over to Europe, to take a little lunch along in a hermetically sealed sardine-box. If there are indications of a freshet in the ocean, it will be better not to go in at all. If the water is very cold, the wisest plan is to dress yourself warmly; but if you get heated, never throw off your bathing clothes suddenly, especially if there are ladies in the vicinity. It will be prudent to take a bar of soap in to bathe with you, so that if the undertow carries you out you can wash yourself ashore. Diving for the Atlantic cable, so as to read the dispatches, is strictly forbidden at all the watering-places. If you get too far away from shore, and find yourself sinking, it will be prudent to write off your last words on a piece of paper, and then tie the document to a stone and throw it ashore.

A victim of unrequited affection concludes as follows:

"I sat me down and thought profound;
This maxim wise I drew:
It's easier far to like a girl
Than make a girl like you."

"I am afraid, Sir, you are in a settled melancholy," said a landlady to a miserable-looking lodger. "No, madam," he replied; "my melancholy won't settle—like your coffee, it has too much grounds."

QUESTIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

If a red-breast comes into your garden, does he come there a robbin'?

Where is game to be found besides upon land that is part-ridged?

In a domesticated state, do hares sit upon chairs as well as "forms?"

When a deer escapes the huntsman and gets back to the herd, can he be called a jolly good fellow?

When a herd of red-deer are pursued, and one is wounded, does he stag-her, and is he left be-hind?

Are some horses said to resemble pigs' feet on account of their being trotters?

Are horses wounded in battle considered *hors de combat?*

Is it imagined that the polar bear considers his habitat an ice place?

Is it the lynx only that can be found along the chain of the Pyrenees?

Is it true that a very little will "keep the wolf from the door?"

How many Arctic foxes did Noah take with him?

How does the elk a-moose itself?

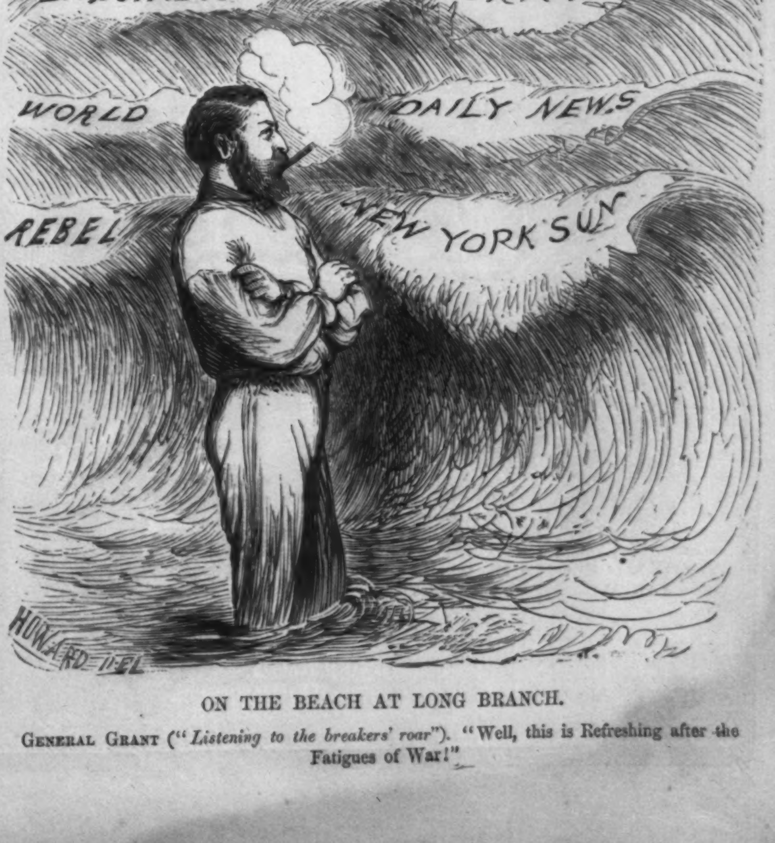
Is it on account of its size that the mole can not see?

Is the crane addicted to (h)oysters?

Do our domestic poultry enjoy foul weather?

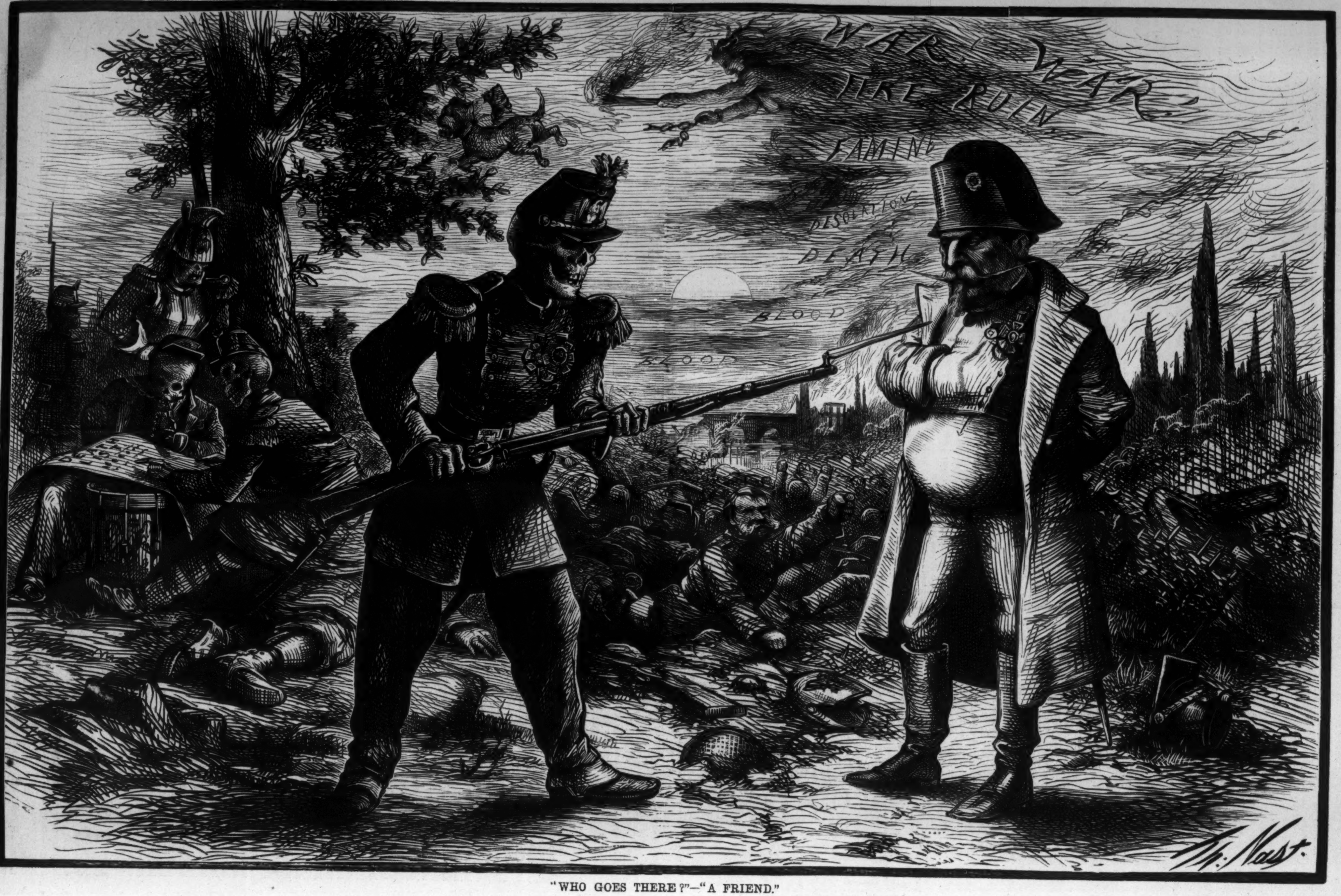
An old farmer said to his sons: "Boys, don't you ever spekerlate, or wait for suthin to turn up. You might as well go an' sit down on a stone in the middle of a medder, with a pail atwixt your legs, an' wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

The man "over-*bored*" was an editor.



ON THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH.

General Grant ("*Listening to the breakers' roar*"). "Well, this is Refreshing after the Fatigues of War!"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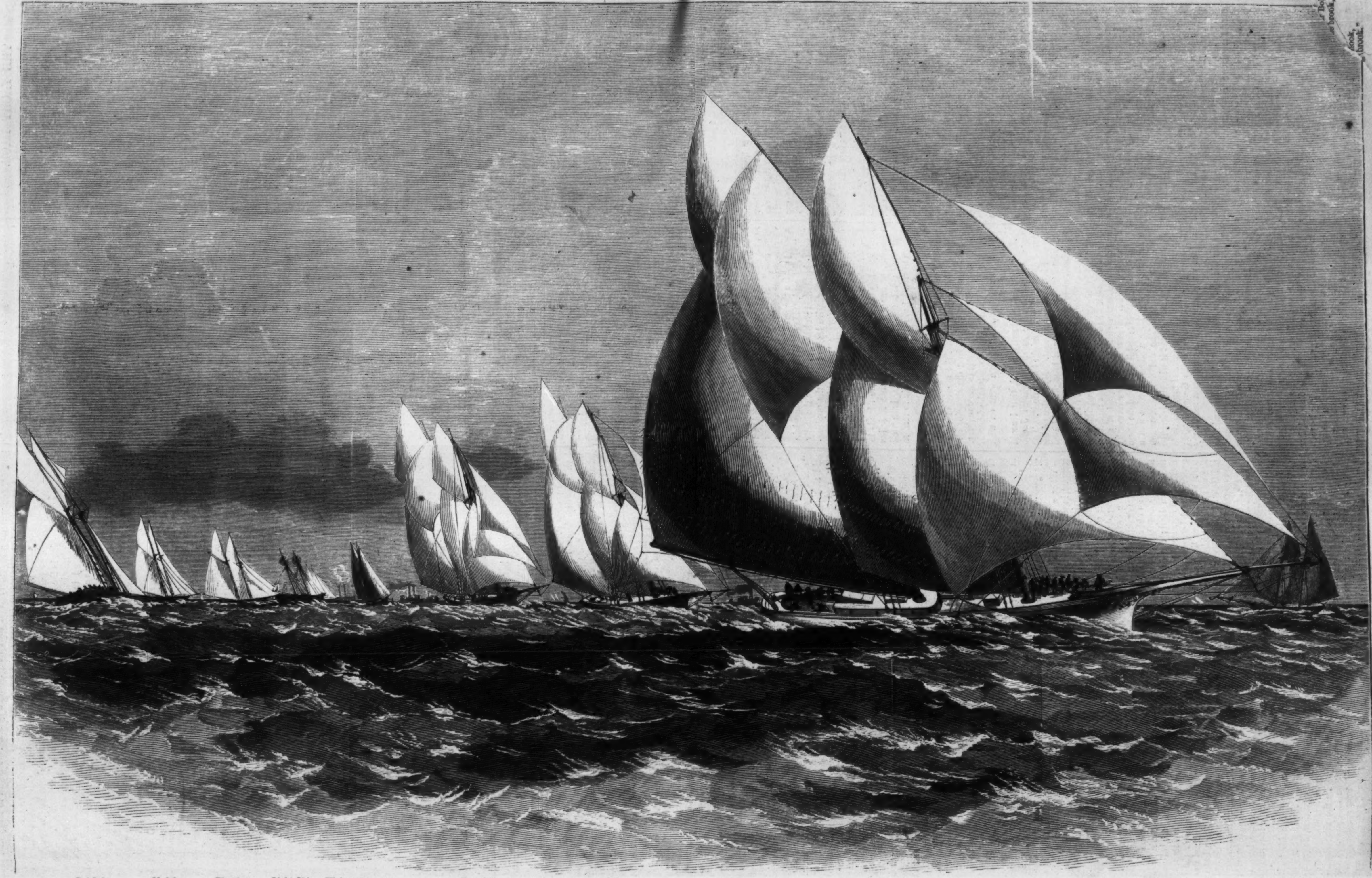
"WHO GOES THERE?"—"A FRIEND."


Cambria.
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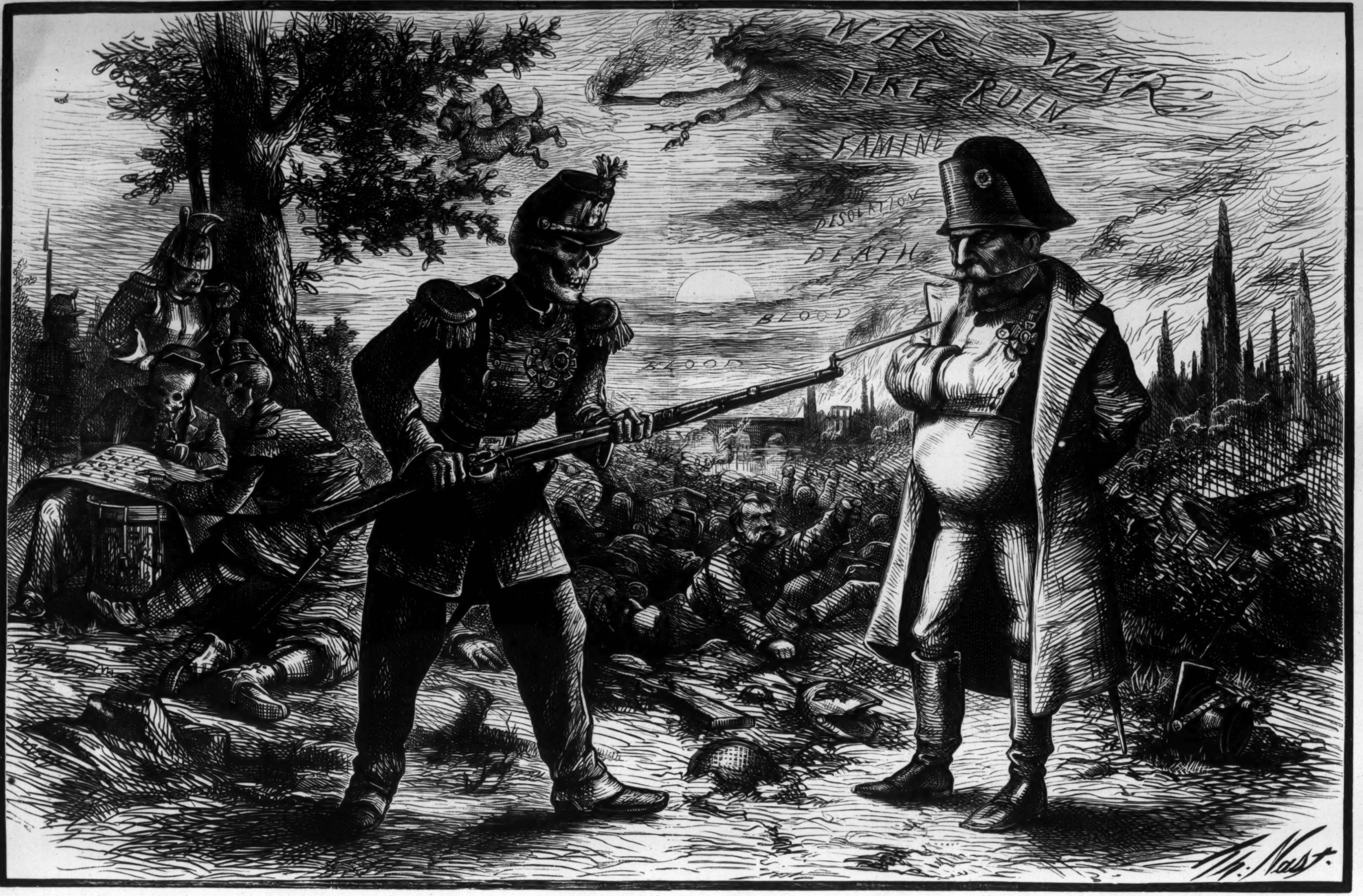
Phantom.
Light-Ship.
Silvie.
America.
Dauntless.
Idler.
Magic.
Tidal Wave.

THE RACE FOR THE QUEEN'S CUP—ROUNDING THE LIGHT-SHIP.—Drawn by Charles Parsons, from a Sketch made on Board A. S. Hatch's Yacht "Calypso."—[See Page 554.]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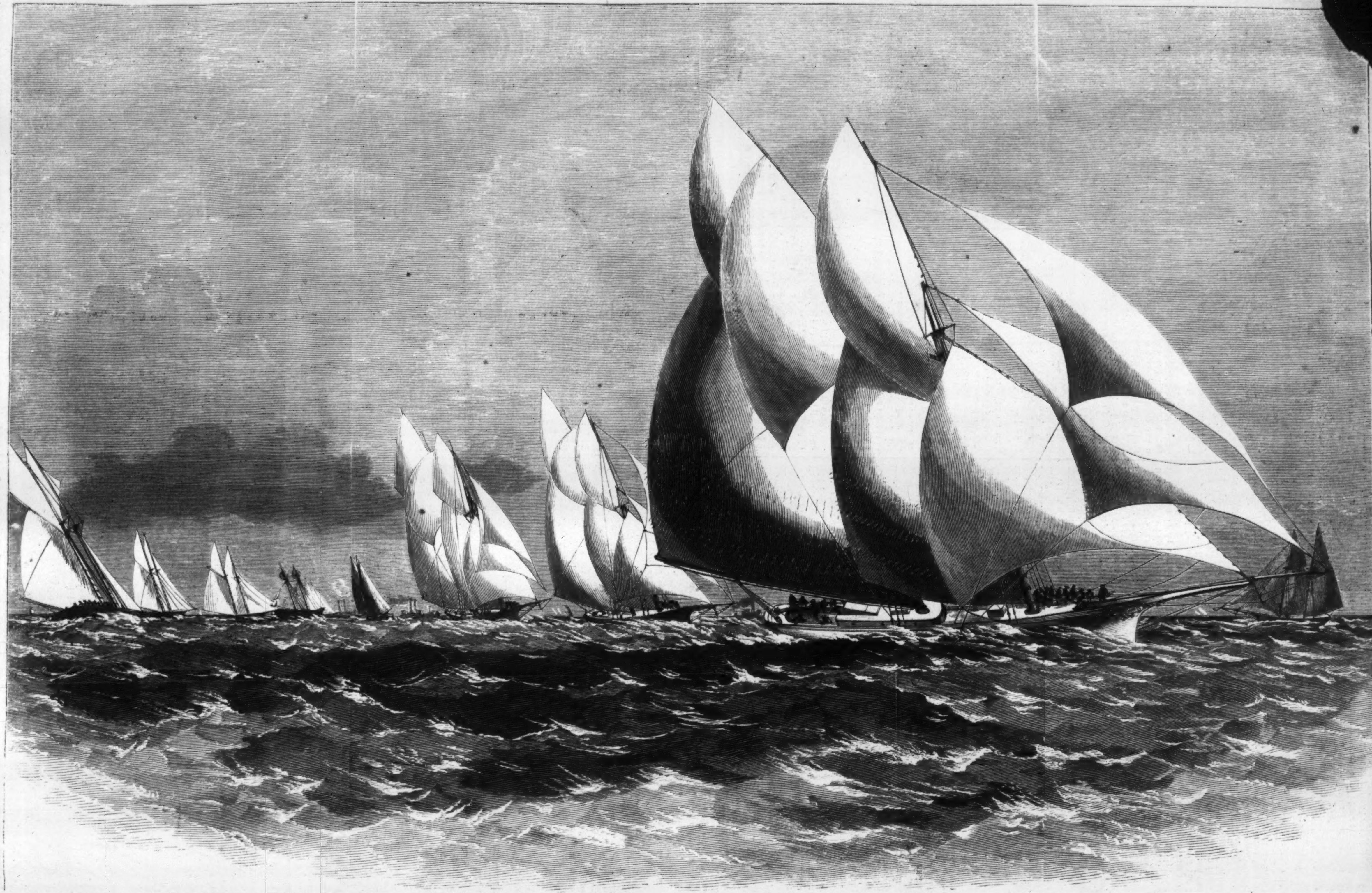
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THE YACHT RACE.

Our illustration of the Yacht Race for the Queen's Cup, on page 553, shows the winning yacht *Magic* on the home-stretch, after passing the light-ship, which is visible near the extreme left of the picture. She leads the *Idler* by several hundred yards; and directly astern of the latter vessel is the *Dauntless*, which eventually overhauled her and came in only five minutes behind the winning yacht. At the moment chosen by our artist seven yachts had rounded the light-ship ahead of the *Cambria*, namely, the *Magic*, the *Idler*, the *Dauntless*, the *America*, the *Silvie*, the *Phantom*, and the *Madgie*.

The race was the most exciting one ever witnessed in American waters. The bay was covered with steamers and sailing vessels of every description, and it is estimated that the contest was witnessed by over a hundred thousand people, whose interest was heightened by the fact that among the contestants for the prize were the celebrated yacht *America*, the winner of the International race of 1851, and the *Cambria*, which has just won the ocean race with the *Dauntless*. The *Magic*, one of the handsomest as well as one of the fastest yachts in the world, made the race in about three hours and fifty-eight minutes.

THE FIRST AND LAST THEFT.

Whoever has seen the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" well mounted and presented on the stage has had the opportunity of a divine pleasure. I have always wondered what the play would be when exalted by the touch of music, with singing melodies evolving from that undercurrent of great harmonies on which the action should flow along—as if a God who had moved among us, mortal, suddenly assumed his deific shape. Yes, as it is, or ought to be; when the orchestra breathes a festive strain, and Juliet, in southern beauty and passion, sheds a light upon the stage as she moves along her stately dance, with Romeo standing sentinel upon her grace, and the nurse hovering round her, like a bee around a blossom—when the night garden glitters with dew in all its great shrubs and thickets, the fountain showers its spray, the vases overflow with heavy flowers, and a slow moon casts its silver upon the lovers, meeting and parting there—it needs no other enchantment than its own.

It was in turning over all these chances of good or bad in this, my choicest play, that I doubted one night at the door of a certain theatre whether to go in or not. Singular, it was, that I should have hesitated that one night of all nights, for it decided my whole lot in life. I went in, as it were, on a toss-up; and yet, so much are we the puppets of destiny that what seemed to me then the merest trifle of chance must have been, in reality, an event as fixed as fate; for it was there that I met Jaqueline de Rochejaquelein.

The play was superb. But, in spite of that fact, my eyes were continually attracted toward two of the audience. In the pit sat an old soldier stiff and stately, with a gray mustache, and some foreign orders worn over his threadbare coat. By his side was a young, slight girl, whose intent countenance reflected all the changes of the play. The red lips quivered, the roses on the cheeks went and came; now a laugh displayed pearls of teeth and a hundred dimples; now in the large dark eyes tears gathered, and hung on long, backward-bent lashes, ready to fall. This lovely little being was absorbed in the play so much, with all her heart and soul, that more eyes than mine forgot to watch the shifting acts in watching her. She leaned forward, forgetfully, her chin resting upon her hand, and, in so doing, revealed, what seemed rather incongruous with her otherwise plain attire—a bracelet, which must have been a costly and antique heir-loom. It was apparently a chain of Genoese beads, long enough to encircle the ivory wrist twice and hang loosely in a great loop the third time; each bead being a filigrane miracle of spun gold, a hollow globe, so fine, so thin, so delicately wrought, that it seemed a mere bubble of light; and each one—as I had the opportunity to observe on getting it into my own hands later—the fantastic simulation of some flower's corolla, with all its petals springing open to the sun, or folded over to hide and hold the honey of its heart. I had once seen a necklace of the same miraculous beauty on the neck of one of our well-known singers.

Nobody knew any thing about these two, ask as I would. It seemed impossible to find any means of making their acquaintance. To all disbelievers in love at first sight I am a living contradiction, for I declare that I loved that girl passionately from the moment I saw her. Such instances have been known in the world. How could I get acquainted with her? That was the question. To do so I was fully resolved.

I forgot all about the closing tableau. Leaving my place, I went where they must necessarily pass me in coming out. She was leaning on the old soldier's arm, and her face was close to me. The throng around pushed. My foot stepped on the hem of her dress, drawing her back a little, and she put down her hand to release the skirt. The loose coils of the bracelet fell nearly over the glove; I touched it adroitly, and it slipped off and was hidden in my hand. She passed on, unconscious of the loss.

I am not a thief, but a gentleman of position; though, so far, appearances are certainly against me. They must have found out the loss and advertised it at once; for the next morning there it was in black and white. Tearing open the paper with some trepidation, lest I should have one the work too well, and have a real theft on ands, I saw the announcement. After all, ld lose an object like that and not seek it? The finder of the bracelet was to 7 Vanley Place, and would be handsomely rewarded. I intended to be handsomely rewarded.

I went at mid-day. Having improved the forenoon by a vigorous investigation of the history of the inmates of Vanley place, number seven, and found that the principal resident was the General De Rochejaquelein, a soldier of the ancient régime, who had crossed the water under the heavy hand of the Emperor's displeasure. He had dropped the aristocratic "de" the more thoroughly to assimilate himself to his poor condition, and lived in obscurity with his daughter on the remnant of a wrecked fortune.

A French maid came to the door: probably one who had accompanied them in their banishment. She took my card and began to speak familiarly in her broken English of mademoiselle's loss at the theatre the previous evening. It was so seldom mademoiselle, pauvre cherie, had the chance of the least divertisement—and for it to have been marred by this mishap was sad to pity. Saying all this, she threw open the door of a sitting-room, and addressed the general in their own tongue.

"Monsieur arrives concerning the bracelet of Mademoiselle Jaqueline."

Mademoiselle Jaqueline sat before the fire, embroidering a wonderful piece of lace—I became well acquainted with that kind of work by-and-by. The general—it was the same old stately man—put down a newspaper to take my card. The young lady looked up with a heightened color and expectant face, rising as she did so, and returning my bow with a sweeping, old-fashioned courtesy that was as irresistible as it was demure. Not to neglect my opportunity, I first made an opening for conversation, by requiring a description of the lost bauble, in order to identify it.

"Mademoiselle Rochejaquelein," said the stiff old general, rising also, but with as much of a bow as the obelisk could have given, and using very tolerable English, "is the more anxious to regain her bracelet, as it was an heir-loom. An heir-loom."

"That is," said a voice musical as running water, "it was left to me by—my mother. She used to wear it."

There was already a certain free friendliness in her words, although her manner was polished and distant, as if she could tell to me the little fact she would have kept from another. I have fancied since then that, all unconsciously, she recognized the affinity that existed between us, and would have chosen words more reserved had the finder been any body but myself.

"May I ask you to describe this article?" I said again.

"A chain of graduated filigrane beads, Sir; gold, of course," struck in the general with military precision. "Quite unique in beauty, and—in rarity. It was wound three times round the wrist. Either the finder must be an adroit thief—ahem—I beg you ten thousand pardons, monsieur—ten thousand pardons!"

"Do not be concerned, Sir. Pray proceed."

"I would say then, that Mademoiselle Rochejaquelein is—"

"Very careless, papa," she said, sweetly. "I confess that I do not remember its slipping over my hand. I was so—so *entêtée* with the play. I remember turning, too," she added, "and seeing no one seated near who could be considered suspicious." All this with the charming color varying on her cheek, as it shifted to and fro, in a way to drive the gazer distracted.

"Sir," I said, "Mademoiselle Rochejaquelein is not to be blamed; although, as I am the lucky finder, the alternative leaves me in the unpleasant predicament of your 'adroit thief.' I am fortunate in that the accident has afforded me the occasion of meeting with General De Rochejaquelein, of whose valor and distinguished actions I have heard so much. We have some friends in common, permit me to say: Madame Roselius and Judge Wontner are, I believe, both well known to you. I am happy to be able to restore the bracelet, mademoiselle."

But I held the beautiful chain still. If I passed it to the General I should lose the warm touch of those little hands, the glance of those grateful eyes; but if, ignoring the superior authority of the General, I gave it to his daughter, I ran the risk of offending him. So the General had the bracelet; and Jaqueline went on with her work.

I felt, even at that early period, that I could serve for her as long as the patriarch Jacob served for Rachel—if I might be let do it. The General invited me to a seat. My notice of his valor had gratified him, and brought the blood to a cheek as brown and as wrinkled as a winter pear; my mention of the two mutual friends we possessed in this great city, whose acquaintanceship with himself I had discovered that morning, and the name on the card I had tendered, stamped me, in position at least, as one not unworthy of his friendship. Meanwhile, I had done them a service; I must have a glass of wine and a cracker with him. The old domestic, whom they called Noisette, served it with the deference she would have paid a marquis. I must do them the honor of calling again, the General said; and he would be proud to wait upon me at my house.

He did wait upon me; I did call; and this happened again and again: but too often without my seeing Jaqueline. Sometimes the pretty girl would peep in and vanish; peep and vanish; or she would enter to serve her father and myself with the glass of wine and cracker, and then disappear altogether. The time passed. I grew more intimate at the house; she less shy.

Sitting there one day with the General, her lace-work frame standing near, wanting its mistress, I took the opportunity of scanning the exquisite embroidery of leaf and vine and blossom, run to riot in their white wilderness there, and, as I moved my hand with seeming carelessness, of setting half a dozen stitches backward.

"Prenez garde!" said this practical old fellow. "You will do a mischief!" and then he plunged back into the advance of his column, which he had been detailing.

I called the next morning to leave a book that the General had desired to borrow. Mademoiselle Jaqueline was alone in the room when I was announced by the old domestic, who assured me the General would descend in an "at once." Noisette always treated me in a familiar manner, as if possibly I might aspire to an equality with herself, but as if neither I nor any other of my countrymen could ever meet her master and mistress on a footing. It is a way and a belief that she has to this day.

Mademoiselle Jaqueline's greeting had all its national formality, and, immediately after I returned it, she resumed her work in silence. Then I saw her lips slowly begin to quiver, ever so little, the corners of her mouth to bury themselves in dimples, the pearls to gleam; and finally she broke out in a merry peal of laughter, like the light-hearted, sweet child she was.

"Why did you make such a mischief in my work?" she said. "Why did you snarl my thread, and pucker my net, and spoil my rose?"

"Perhaps because that, instead of making your escape this morning, you might be obliged to stay and ask me why, Mademoiselle Jaqueline," was my bold answer.

Mademoiselle drew in as if resenting it. The dimples went away; the mouth grew grave.

"I must tell you, monsieur, that you are not to touch my work," she said. Then, after a little silence, in which one blush had chased another across her cheek, she went on in a lower tone. "I—monsieur—I sell it!"

I don't say the avowal did not give me a shock. I certainly had wondered at the constant, unwearied weaving of that beautiful embroidery, but I had never thought of this. Ideas whirled through my mind. I was rich; could I not—bah! it would never have done. All to do now was, not to let her see my surprise.

"And receive fabulous sums for it, I dare say, mademoiselle," was my careless remark. "I have a small cousin at home who sells her water-color drawings."

It was to put her at her ease. But she believed me. French ideas are so different from ours.

"And your—small cousin—monsieur, is she obliged to do so?"

"She prefers it. She says it is pleasanter to be a honey-bee than a drone, and has some grand financial talk about every producer, little or large, adding to the wealth of the country."

"I add to the wealth of my father," said Jaqueline, proudly. "If I did not we should want much. We are poor. Your—small cousin—monsieur, lives at home with you, you said?"

"Yes, she helps to keep my house. She is a good little soul—one of the salt of the earth. Shall I bring her to see you? You seem to have so few friends."

"Few?" she repeated, resentfully. "But I have sufficient. I have good friends. She must paint well, monsieur?"

"Who? My small cousin? Finely. Autumn leaves or holly-wood. I have a port-folio of her sketches: delicate, fanciful things, full of real genius. I should have pleasure in showing them to you."

"Thanks, monsieur. I do not care for such things."

Now, what had put her out? Was it the "small cousin?" I suppose I ought to have said that the mother, an invalid, was with me too; and that both were soon going, through the small cousin's marriage, to another home.

"I beg your pardon, monsieur. I would not seem ungracious. If you will bring the sketches, my father and I will be pleased to see them."

"No," I said, laughing, "I shall not trouble you with them. But instead, Mademoiselle Jaqueline, what do you say to the opera to-night? I came to offer you places."

She held her breath. A strange look of delight passed over her face. And in the same moment her father entered. "General, can I persuade you and mademoiselle to accept seats at the opera to-night with me?"

The General, who had once been in the habit of conferring, not receiving benefits, drew himself up a few inches, then hesitated, and glanced at his daughter's shining, eager face.

"She is but a child," said he, with a wave of his hand. "Monsieur, with the greatest pleasure."

What a picture she was, to be sure, as she stepped, in the flare of the gas-light, from the door to the carriage that night! The corner of her shawl was flung on her head. A piece of her own work it was, but, nevertheless, lace that all the rustling dames who swept to their places might have envied, as it lay on her shoulders and on the darkness of her hair like hoar-frost.

It was an old opera, doubtless familiar to both the father and daughter in the by-gone days of their own land; for as its melodies renewed themselves now and again a look of fond intelligence passed between them. Her face rippled with smiles; her little fan kept the measure; she was radiant with satisfaction; and I saw the old General himself winking and blinking hard, that no one might fancy he had a tear in his eye.

"Oh!" she cried, as we separated that night, "how happy you have made me! It was like reading a sweet old story over again. It was returning from exile—it was being back in France!"

We grew to be familiar friends. When I went to Vanley Place Jaqueline would remain at work in the room, now taking a trifling part in the conversation, now keeping her peace altogether. I carried her, one day, a basket of Frontignac grapes, full of the sunshine of France, as I told her; on another day bunches of violets; sometimes a handful of fresh, fair roses. She was a freakish little thing, with all her pretty moods—to-day full of thanks, to-morrow scarcely vouchsafing a syllable. I began to fancy that she had some unpleasant suspicion concerning me. I left her at last to herself, to try the effect of a different treatment. One could but be interested, too, in the courteous old exile himself, so full at once of pride and of humility. I ventured, after some consideration, to propose myself to him as a pupil, that I might obtain that facility of conversation in French which neither books nor common teachers can give. He accepted my proposal smilingly, having taken great pains, he said, to perfect himself and his daughter in English, with a view to this same purpose, but never having been able to bring his courage to the point of begging for pupils. I was the less astonished at his alacrity when he absolutely refused to receive a penny for his lessons, declaring that I already knew all he could impart to me; and this he held to: was I not their good friend? he said.

Now when I abandoned Mademoiselle Jaqueline to her own devices, paying court alone to her father, my little lady became unbroken ice. I can not say that I disliked the symptom. It melted ever so slightly, though, one morning, when I had incidentally mentioned to the General that I should, that evening, be at the house of Madame Roselius, who gave a grand ball in honor of her son's marriage.

"We have the cards also," said the General, with the least perceptible air in the world.

"And will go, of course?" I said.

"No, I think the word is otherwise," said he, smiling in Jaqueline's direction. "You have been made acquainted, Monsieur, with much of our affairs. My little witch there—Mademoiselle Rochejaquelein, I would say—refuses to meet those grand ladies who wear her handiwork, and will not go."

"Pardon me, General; that deprives you both of a pleasure. This entertainment of Madame Roselius is to be charming as fairy-land. People are going wild for invitations. My small cousin at home can talk of nothing else, Mademoiselle Jaqueline."

"She will go, then—your small cousin?"

"If she had to adopt the stratagems of Cinderella to arrive there!"

"I am not of her world," said little Jaqueline, with something like a sigh, and working out a thorn upon her vine, which was not in the pattern.

It was to me a sufficiently stupid evening, that with Madame Roselius, notwithstanding the novelty and beauty of the scene. The house seemed to have been turned into a vast grotto, or garden of flowers. The walls had festoons of roses; panels were intertwined with scarlet pomegranates and creamy aloes; tables and mantel-pieces were mats of blossoms; balusters and cornices were embedded in moss; great exotic shrubs, distilling odor, made avenues and dim recesses very sweet; and in place of doors there were swinging curtains of buds and vines. The scene was lighted by a soft, lambent radiance that seemed to pour from the hearts of the great lilies and warmer flowers that draped the chandeliers, and suffused them with their own tints of deepest blue, of vivid crimson, of changing pink; here was one of snow-white lustre, and there one of the purest gold. From its concealed place among the flowers, faint, distant music perpetually floated down, now and then bursting out in a sweet, bewildering cadence of harp-strings, that took the breath away with pleasure—the breath whose air was only living fragrance. Chatterton was playing that night. In all the splendor and charm of the place—as room opened into room, lovely faces flitted by, soft voices murmured—I missed one face, one voice among them; and the revel, for me, lost its meaning.

The band for the dancing commenced. Late in the evening, a well-known touch was laid upon my arm—my cousin's. "Now it is my turn," she said; "there are but two waltzes before supper, except the German; and *that* I dance with—you know whom!"

I took her; and we began to whirl round in the wake of many, when happening to raise my eyes to the doorway, a sight there sent them spinning. It was the General De Rochejaquelein in his grand uniform with its stars and decoration, with Jaqueline on his arm. She wore white, without ornament: not so much as a sprig of myrtle. The carnation, though, was on her cheek, the light of jewels in her eyes. She stood there like a little flame; a magnificent flower-spirit, with the blossoms of the doorway's arch hanging round her head. A wrathful little spirit, though, be it said, as she surveyed me.

Be you very sure that I seated my small cousin quickly, and had Jaqueline on my arm.

"She is very easy with you! 'It is my turn now,' I heard her say."

"And now it is yours," I whispered.

The waltz was divine. It was as if the hidden orchestra had kept their best till then; full of the pathos that all dance-music has when meant to be most joyous; full, too, of delicious involutions, winding in and out till its ravishing tune seemed to fill the very core of the heart. My arm was round Jaqueline, my head was bent toward her, I felt her breath, her heart; we swayed to the same music; it quickened and whirled us at its will, we were in another world, a wild, and sweet, and passionate world; and I'm sure I did not want to come back to this one. Suddenly, with an imperious movement, she stood still.

"That will do, monsieur," she said. "Thanks! I trouble you no more." And before I had recovered my bewildered vexation, Jaqueline and her father were both gone.

When I saw Jaqueline the next time, it was at her own house. She barely raised her eyes at my entrance; she did not speak; she sat there drawing her needle in and out, a pattern of propriety. I looked a dozen times to assure myself that this was the damsel of that night of flowers—that I had whispered sweet words to her—that I had held her in my arms. It was impossible to believe it!

A score of these little scenes, these oscillations and vibrations—to-day a sunbeam, to-morrow an icicle—when one afternoon, just as I was concluding a brief visit, the General was summoned to the door below. I stood, looking from the window a moment, not liking to go down just then, yet exchanging no words with mademoiselle, when a pleasant little murmur struck my ear—Jaqueline was singing to herself, as if there were not another soul in the room, and, though half under her breath, yet with a voice as rich as that of a June thrush. It was only an air from the opera that we had heard together. I turned; and, going down the room, staid before her embroidery frame.

"Tell me, mademoiselle, what it is I have done to offend you."

She looked up for a moment, intending to be severe and dignified. But it would not do. The lips pursed up and quivered, and there came the old peal of laughter.

"The small cousin marries next month," I whispered.

There came a blush like a crimson rose. The head bent low over the embroidery; and—the General came back again.

Some days went on. Mademoiselle's moods were variable as the weather. My constitution would not stand it longer, and I determined to put may fate to the test.

She still sat behind her lace frame, like a fixture; tracing, as exquisitely as a winter's night traces them on the pane, her pattern of fern leaves and wild roses there. The General had gone out this day, and I came in. I had been greeted with an inclination of the head, a simple sentence, and then silence. I went to the rug, and warmed myself before the fire; she sat at the other side, one step away. But the inclination of her head had given a finishing stroke to the hair that had loosened as she bent over her work; down it all came, falling round her like a nun's veil. She lifted her two little hands to part it from the face, over which a flush was streaming like an aurora; and I stood before her.

"How long do you imagine I shall put up with this, Mademoiselle Jaqueline? Do you suppose I can live under a sky so variable; this hour, June—the next, January? Henceforth, it is to be all summer—do you hear? I put this seal upon it!" and bending across the frame, I kissed her red, warm mouth.

She grew as white as she had been rosy; her head fell forward; I thought she was about to faint, and dashed the frame aside to take her in my arms. But she only hid the white face there, sobbing out—"Forgive me! oh, monsieur, forgive! I had thought for so long that—it was the—small cousin."

"But I told you it was not. She marries the husband of her choice. She is like my sister."

No reply. Only the face hidden from me.

"You are a goose, Jaqueline." And the sweet face was got to at last.

"Monsieur," said the General, when it was all explained to him, after he had entered to find us side by side, in the ruddy glow of the evening fire, "I had once the idea that it was you yourself, after all, who stole my daughter's bracelet."

"Well, Sir! And now?"

"And now you have stolen her heart."

STRASBOURG.

The city of Strasbourg, now besieged by a German army, is a strongly fortified town in the department of the Lower Rhine, of which it is the capital, situated at the confluence of the Bruche and the Ill, and about half a mile from the Rhine, which is crossed here by a wooden bridge. The town, of which we give a view on page 548, is built in a plain, is very irregular in form, and divided into several parts by canals or branches of the Ill, over which there are a number of bridges. The houses are lofty, and substantially built of stone; many of them have steep roofs, with two or three rows of attic windows running across them. Of the streets, some are wide and straight, but the greater part are narrow. It is surrounded with strong defensive works about six miles in circumference. The citadel on the east side of the town, built by **Vauban**, is a regular pentagon, composed of five bastions connected by curtains with ravelins and outworks extending almost to the Rhine.

Of its public buildings the principal is the Cathedral of Notre Dame, founded in 1015, and justly classed among the most perfect and beautiful specimens of Gothic architecture that exist. Its tower, which is 466 feet in height, and the loftiest in the world, is a master-piece of architecture, being built of hewn stone, cut with such nicety as to give it at a distance some resemblance to lace, and combining the utmost elegance and symmetry of form with perfect solidity of construction. The west front is ornamented with carved work and statues, and the interior is decorated with stained-glass windows, and contains a stone pulpit of exquisite workmanship. The astronomical clock in the tower, which shows the changes of the moon and the seasons, is a master-piece of mechanism. Besides the cathedral it has other churches, among which those of St. Etienne and St. Thomas and the Temple Neuf are the most remarkable; the old castle of Strasbourg, the town-hall, the episcopal palace, the court-house, theatre, several hospitals, tribunal of commerce, public library, the residence of the prefect, the academy, custom-house, a school of artillery, a cannon foundry, an arsenal, several markets, and monuments to **Gutenberg** and Generals **Kleber** and **Dessaix**. It is a bishop's see, and the seat of a chamber of commerce. The manufactures of Strasbourg are flax, hemp, wine, spirituous liquors, linen, sail-cloth, blankets, carpets, hardware, leather, cotton, lace, snuff, jewelry, buttons, cutlery, clocks, chemicals, mathematical, musical, and other instruments. It also contains some copper and iron works and soap factories, and has a large trade in books. Population, 82,014.

Strasbourg is a place of great antiquity, having existed as a Roman station prior to the Christian era. Its vicinity has been more than once the scene of military operations in the present age. It is the birth-place of General **Kleber**, Marshal **Kellerman**, and of **Pierre Schœffer**, who is said to have been one of the inventors of printing. By means of railways and canals it is connected with the chief towns and great rivers of France, and with the Danube, by which means its commerce is greatly extended.

THE FORTRESS OF METZ.

The French town of Metz, a strongly fortified *place d'armes*, within and around which the French army is now concentrated for reorganization, is situated in the department of the Moselle, about 170 miles east of Paris, at the confluence of the river Moselle with a smaller stream. It is connected with the capital by railway, and is an important point in the line of defensive operations which the Prussian victory over Marshal **M'Mahon**, at Haguenau, has forced upon the French.

The Porte des Allemands, or Gate of the Germans, of which we give an illustration on page 548, is one of the seven gates of Metz. It has the aspect of a strong-hold flanked with towers, but is protected by fortifications of more modern date. This gate was constructed in the fifteenth century, as is attested by a Gothic inscription upon one of the towers. It is a very interesting specimen of the military architecture of the Middle Ages. Against this gate and that part of the town now defended by Bellefort, the Emperor **Charles** V. principally directed his efforts in the siege of 1552.

The arsenal of Metz is situated at the eastern end of the town, between the town and the fort of Bellecroix. It contains many objects of interest—notably the Salle d'Armes, containing 60,000 muskets, from 7000 to 8000 pistols, and a great quantity of other arms. This arsenal is a vast establishment. Large numbers of arms are fabricated in its work-shops, as well as munitions of war. It formerly contained a curious bronze cannon, called the Griffon of Ehrenbreitstein, which was captured by the French in 1799, and which was remarkable for its rich ornamentation, as well as for its dimensions. This is now in the Museum of Artillery at Paris.

WASP LIFE.

The life of a wasp is by no means monotonous; even in her cradle her future character is foreshadowed by the sharp mandibles with which the larva is supplied, and the courage with which she ventures on the dangerous journey up the walls of the cell. Her duties are very various: each period of her life has its special duties adapted to her condition. The relation in which the mother wasp stands to the swarm is peculiar. She differs from the queen bee in being to the others their mother rather than their queen. Her history is very like that of the workers in its general outline: like her they build, collect food, and tend the larvæ; and like her, only under very peculiar circumstances, they lay eggs. The first change that comes over the mother wasp is her ceasing to make paper. This faculty, probably depending on the activity of the salivary glands, seems to be given to her, as to the workers, only for a definite period. By this time the worker brood has begun to appear, and they relieve her of this part of her task, and of the daily increasing labor of feeding the larvæ. She restricts herself henceforth to her purely maternal duty of laying eggs, and now rarely leaves the interior of the nest. Brood after brood successively undertake the task of building, replacing the older wasps, which, with advancing age, become incapable of making paper. Thus a constant system of promotion is going on: those which have no longer the faculty of house-making betake themselves to the duties of housekeeping; and, while the large young wasps, in full glandular vigor, maintain and enlarge the nest, the older shrunken wasps find full employment in satisfying the hungry mouths which peer out from the lower surface of the comb.

LISTENING WITH THE TEETH.

Listening with your teeth may seem a comical action, but it is a possible one, and, after all, no more unnatural than that of talking with the fingers, which every educated mute can perform. Any one who will hold a vibrating tuning-fork to his dentals will be struck with the sonorous thrill that goes through his head, and the superior intensity of the sound compared to what is experienced when the fork is held to the ear. That other nerves than those appointed for audition are capable of conveying sound-vibrations to the brain is thus pretty evident. We had remarked this so often that we were fully prepared to give credence to a statement made by a newspaper correspondent to the effect that a deaf friend was stirred with delight at the music of a violin rendered audible to him first by placing the instrument between his teeth while it was played upon, and afterward by means of a string tied to the violin, whereof one end was held in the deaf man's mouth. The writer in question suggests a repetition of his experiment upon a larger scale, with a number of strings stretched from an orchestral sounding-board to the mouths of a deaf audience. A concert of such character might be a ludicrous affair to sharp-eared spectators, but we venture to think with the proposer that the experiment would be far more gratifying than absurd to those who, for the first time in their lives, were thus moved by concord of sweet sounds. Let us hope that curiosity, if nothing else, will prompt a trial by those who have charge of the deaf in our asylums. As our inventive times go, we ought not to be backward in attacking any problem for the alleviation of bodily suffering or the restoration of natural deformations. We make the lame walk and the toothless bite. We have even made the blind to see; for lately a Venetian surgeon succeeded in restoring the lost vision of a man whose case had been abandoned as incurable. As to making the dumb speak, we doubt not that Professor Melville Bell would assert his readiness by his system of visible speech to do so at short notice.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The severe drought which has prevailed this season in parts of Europe, and also in certain sections of our own country, has induced several scientific men to speculate on the idea of inducing rain by what may be called artificial means. If this matter can be thoroughly investigated, and made so practical that we may obtain rain at pleasure, the crops might not be so uncertain as they are now. To be sure, a grand difficulty arises at once: no two farmers would ever agree when to have the rain come—though the potatoes of the one were longing for water, the hay of the other would be spoiled by a shower. And who would settle the matter? We suppose, however, an appeal to the ballot would decide all such vexed questions.

It appears that M. Le Maout, a chemist of St. Brieuc, has made many observations which indicate that rain is often caused by the concussion of air produced by a cannonade. During the siege of Sebastopol the barometer in Brittany was affected, notwithstanding the six hundred leagues which lay between. M. Le Maout asserts that he could tell before the news arrived when fighting was going on, because the concussion of the air produced its effect within 100 and 200 minutes. The sky then became overcast, and a drizzling rain would soon fall, frequently followed by heavy showers, and then by wind. This chemist also cites other instances when rain has been induced by the cannonade of battle. He suggests that if rain is desired at Paris, there should be a southwest wind, and the barometer should mark less than 76 centimeters. The cannonade should then be begun not at Paris, but at Cherbourg, where the atmosphere is charged with aqueous vapor. The best time would be in the morning, before the mist hanging over the sea has been dissipated. Several batteries should be fired simultaneously, at short intervals; and if this cannonade were to coincide with some religious festival, requiring the bells to be rung, the effect would be all the more certain.

A military commission at St. Petersburg is actively engaged in studying some modifications which it is proposed to introduce into knapsacks. A French doctor has laid before the commission a knapsack which, by means of a simple piece of mechanism, can be brought round to the front, and made to serve at the same time as a breast-plate for the soldier and a rest for his rifle.

A new revolving cannon, capable of firing forty rounds a minute, is vaguely hinted at in Paris.

About one thousand students are connected with the University at Bonn, on the Rhine. Soon after war was declared the entire number presented themselves before the authorities, and asked that they might be instantly enrolled in the defense of the country.

A Paris banker received from a Berlin banker a remittance of £4000, and a letter thus worded: "The other £4000 will be due next month; I shall bring it with our troops myself." He received as good as he sent in this reply: "I will endeavor to ameliorate your captivity by all the means in my power."

Kentucky can boast of giants almost. A Mrs. Howard recently died in Bourbon County in her eighty-sixth year. She was six feet and one-half inch in height, and weighed over two hundred and eighty pounds. She was the mother of ten children, all but one of whom lived to years of maturity, and were over six feet in height. Seven of them are yet living, the tallest being six feet ten inches high. Mrs. H. had twelve brothers and sisters, all of whom were over six feet. Her husband was six feet and four inches high.

The Legislature of the Sandwich Islands have just passed a divorce law. This is supposed to be an indication of the progress of "civilization."

About one hundred gentlemen of St. Louis have just completed arrangements for the introduction of Chinese house-servants into their families. The negotiations have been made with the Chinese Emigration Society in San Francisco. They have agreed to pay them good wages, and to afford them all necessary protection during their term of service.

Frank Thorn, *alias* Matthew D. Carpenter, recently made a perilous leap in Buffalo from the roof of a high building—Watson's elevator—into the water below. The distance from the roof from which he jumped to the water's edge is stated to be one hundred and forty-five feet by actual measurement. Not less than twenty thousand persons assembled to witness this fool-hardy feat. The young man, who is about twenty-five years of age, seems to have grown up without the slightest idea of fear, and from childhood has been noted for daring deeds, which have often endangered his life. On this last occasion he made the leap fairly, and for a part of the distance down kept an erect position; then, to the horror of the spectators, he gradually turned forward, and at last struck the water on his right side with a tremendous concussion. Boats and various instruments of rescue were at hand, and with some difficulty he was dragged into a boat. The shock to his system was terrible, and for some time he was thought to be near death. Though now considered out of danger, he will probably be a long time in recovering his health.

Since the death of M. Prévost-Paradol many facts have come to light which indicate with much certainty that self-destruction was the result of a fit of insanity. It appears that for a long time the unfortunate Minister had been troubled with apprehensions of softening of the brain, and had contemplated with horror the possibility of living bereft of reason. He had received medical treatment in France for this threatened malady. His daughter communicated the fact, after his death, that he had for some time lived in dread of insanity from softening of the brain; and the circumstance that his wife had died insane weighed heavily on his mind. The pistols were bought as a protection against robbers, it being his custom to keep them in his bedroom. It is believed that when he retired to bed that last night he had no thought of self-destruction, but that the heat oppressed him greatly, and that he woke suddenly, feverish, and possessed with the idea that he was insane.

The directors of some of our city railroads have received a novel proposition from certain parties—namely, to put upon their lines a number of palace cars. These cars are only to carry a certain number of passengers, and each passenger is to be provided with a handsomely cushioned easy-chair, or an entire apartment, if willing to pay for it. An extra charge of ten cents will be asked for each passenger occupying a chair. There is no reason why some such experiment should not be tried. The present crowding of the cars renders almost every body uncomfortable. Those who can afford to pay for comfort want it, and should be gratified. Certainly there are a great many who would gladly pay ten cents premium to have a comfortable seat to themselves during a long ride.

Louis Kossuth feels himself too old and broken and nerveless to come before the public as a lecturer. Some months ago the Boston Lyceum Bureau commissioned a celebrated lecturer to travel through Europe until he found Kossuth, and, as it was reported that he was poor, to offer him a series of lucrative engagements with lyceums in the United States. The proposition was pressed upon him, but, although grateful for the invitation, he expressed his determination to speak no more in public unless his duty to his own country demanded it. Kossuth was found in a retired quarter of the city of Turin.

It is a pleasant theory to tender-hearted anglers that the wriggling of the fish on the dry land is not indicative of agony but of ecstasy. It has been taken from the water where there is but little oxygen into the air where there is a good deal of it, and feels just as a person does when he takes laughing gas.

"The pavements are all hissing hot, the sky above is brazen,
And every head as good as dead the sun can set his rays on;
The lean, lank-looking skeletons go stalking pale and gloomy;
The fat, like red-hot frying-pans, send hotter fancies through me."

So wrote N. P. Willis once—so might he write again had he lived in the "heated terms" of this present summer.

Twenty years ago an adventurous youth, by name Charles Gueroit, left home and friends in France to seek his fortune in America. Nothing was heard of him for three years beyond this, that he had gone to Mexico. A younger brother, named Theophile, then came to this country and sought every where for his lost brother, but all in vain. Still he did not wholly give up hope. He settled in Chicago and took charge of a French newspaper in that city. A few weeks ago Theophile read an account in the newspapers of the arrival in Chicago of Red Cloud and his chiefs on their way from Washington. The name of the interpreter accompanying the party struck his attention, it being the same as that of his lost brother. He at once sought an interview; but the interpreter had already gone West. Red Cloud, however, detected a resemblance between the two, and Theophile has now gone to that chief's dominions in the hope of meeting there his brother, who doubtless years ago became enamored of the wild Indian life.

A gentleman, passing by a humble hovel in Buffalo the other day, heard a child crying lustily a short distance away, and, seeing that nobody came to the rescue, stepped to the door and informed an old lady that one of her children was crying outside, adding that it had probably hurt itself badly. The fond mother looked up from her wash-tub and, in a tone of kind explanation, observed: "My good gracious, man! I've got so many children that I can't run when every one of them happens to cry. It's enough for me to know by its noise that the young un's alive." It was ascertained that the woman had eighteen children, fifteen her own and three adopted. She is a widow, and supports all but one of them by gardening, washing, and ironing.

What magic there is in a titled name! Not long ago a stranger reached a railway station in London just in time to hear the signal given, and to see the train quietly passing off. With an authoritative voice he shouted to the guard, "Stop! Lord Lifford's coming!" Instantly the obsequious guard signaled, the train slackened its speed, and moved back to await his lordship's arrival. Meanwhile the stranger procured his ticket, comfortably seated himself in a third-class carriage, and then, putting his head out of the window, informed the guard that his lordship had entered, and he might move on!

It is a fact interesting to all lovers of shad that 54,000,000 young shad have this year been placed in the Connecticut River at Holyoke, Massachusetts, under the direction of the fish commissioners. During the present season an unusually large quantity of this delicious fish has been taken from that river—a result naturally brought about from the 40,000,000 young shad which were placed in the river three years ago.

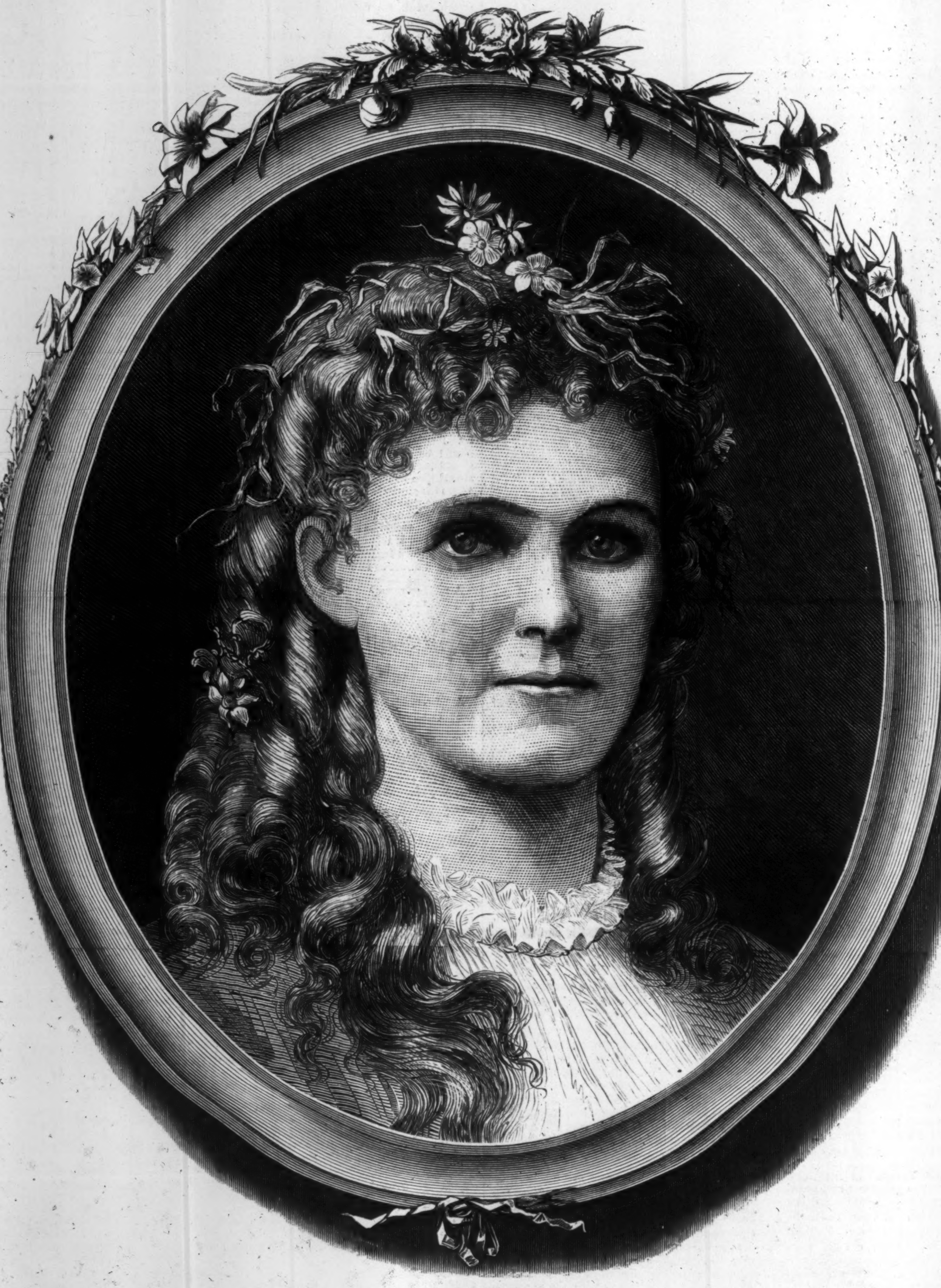
The southern extremity of South America can lay claim to possessing the most novel post-office in the world. It consists of a small barrel, fastened by an iron chain to the outermost rock of the mountains overhanging the Straits of Magellan, opposite Terra del Fuego. It is opened by every ship which passes through the straits, either to place letters in it or to take letters from it. No postmaster is needful; seafarers consider it under their protection, and no breach of trust has ever occurred. Every ship that passes undertakes to transmit the contents of the barrel, if the destination of the mail matter is within the limits of its voyage.

Suicide assumes a poetical aspect abroad. A gentleman recently drowned himself in Lancashire, near Bolton. He left a note: "You will find me in the brook," and concluded with poetry, thus:

"I shall be at peace in a shady nook,
Laid at length in the rippling brook."

CHRISTINE NILSSON.

This charming singer, who is soon to appear in this city, was born in the pretty and retired village of Hussaby, picturesquely situated among the lakes and forests of Smaland. Her father, a small farmer, possessed a great taste for music, and was the chief chorister in the church of the district. The Diva's birth, in 1843, increased M. **Nilsson**'s already numerous family to eight, all of whom were more or less musical, especially one of the sons, **Carl**, who was by profession a violinist. Little **Christine**, from her earliest years, gave great signs of vocal talent, and was found one day by **Carl**, secretly practicing on his violin, which, unknown to any one, she had taught herself to play. Admiring her dexterity, **Carl** determined to utilize such precocious talent, and the child subsequently accompanied him to the various fairs and entertainments which he was accustomed to frequent. At one of these former amusements — the fair of Ljungby — a Swedish magistrate, named **Thornerhjelm**, was so struck with the splendid voice of Mlle. **Nilsson** that, after making inquiries, he offered the parents to educate and entirely provide for the child—an offer too advantageous to be rejected.



CHRISTINE NILSSON,

Mlle. **Valerius**, afterward Baroness de Lenhusen, a singer of no mean repute, having heard **Christine** sing at the **Thornerhjelms**', undertook to give her lessons, which still further developed the powers of the sweet but uncultivated voice of the little peasant. Shortly afterward **Christine** was sent to school, where she remained two years, at the conclusion of which she was removed to Stockholm and placed under the tuition of M. **Franz Berwald**, a talented composer and master.

A sister of Mlle. **Valerius**, a portrait-painter, being about to visit Paris, invited the young girl to accompany her, an invitation which was eagerly accepted. There she resided with an English family, and became a pupil of M. **Wartel**, under whose guidance she remained three years, when, after much doubt and hesitation, she resolved to go on the stage. Her doubts, which arose entirely from timidity, were finally dissipated by witnessing an unequaled performance of Madame **Carvalho** in "La Reine Topaze" at the Théâtre Lyrique, and an engagement for three years was procured for her at the above theatre, her salary being but 2000 francs for the first year, 2500 for the second, and 3000 for the third.

In October, 1864, being just twenty-one, Mlle. **Nilsson** made her début as Violetta in the "Traviata," but did not obtain the expected success, the opera being entirely unsuited to her character, as even now the fair Swede is much more at home in a *preghiera* than a *brindisi.* In the following February, however, she had her revenge, as a perfect *furore* was created by her personation of Astrifiammante in the "Flauto Magico," and was afterward most enthusiastically received in "Marta," "Sardanapalus," and "Les Bluets." She did not succeed so well, however, in "Don Giovanni," her Northern nature being far too cold for the correct representation of the passionate and jealous Elvira of the South. In 1867 she first appeared in London at Her Majesty's Theatre, and made her début, as in Paris, in the "Traviata," having long and carefully studied the part under M. **Delle Sedie**, a professor of the French Conservatoire. In the same year she sang in "Judas Maccabæus" at the Birmingham Festival, where her immense success obtained her an engagement for the Crystal Palace Handel Festival of the following year.

COUNT DE PALIKAO.

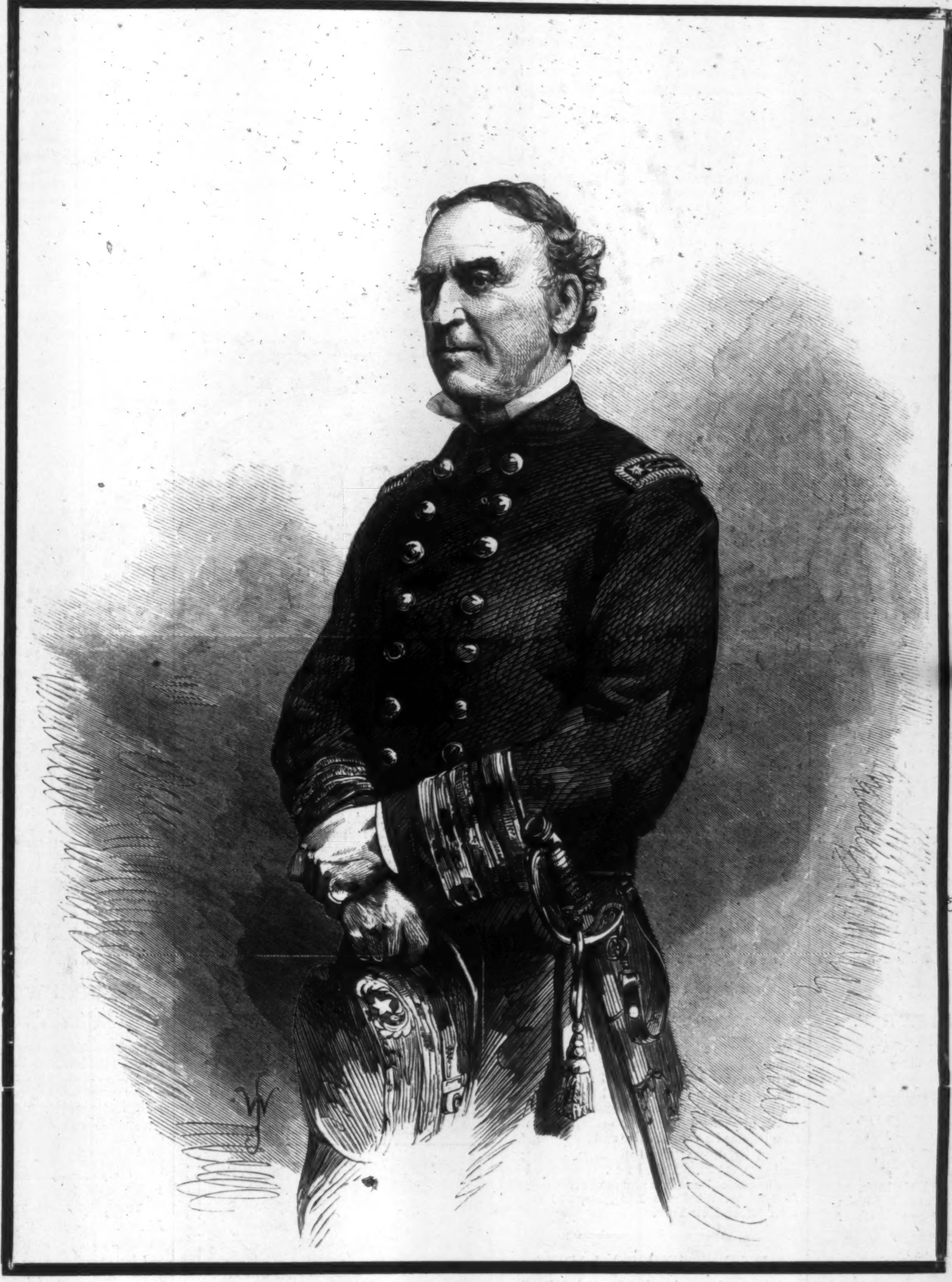
General Cousin-Montauban, Count De Palikao, the new French Minister of War, to which position he was called in consequence of the disasters to **M'Mahon** and **Frossard**, was born June 24, 1796. He went to Algeria at an early age, distinguished himself as an officer of cavalry, and, after more than twenty years of uninterrupted service, was intrusted with the command of the Tlemcen Division, and finally with that of Constantine. Recalled to France, he was for some time at the head of the Twenty-first Military Division. In 1860 he took command of the French expedition into China, and had the honor of accomplishing the almost marvelous invasion which carried the flags of France and England to the capital of that empire. The destruction of numerous Chinese forts, the splendid victory at Palikao, and the entrance of the allies into Pekin, forced the Chinese government to accept of a treaty imposed by the allies. Returning to France in July, 1861, he was made Senator of France, Count of Palikao, and Commander of the Fourth Army Corps. In 1860 he had been forty-two years in active service. We give his portrait on the next page.

A WRECK.

Silently, mournfully, to and fro,
The long waves wash under thee;
Rocking thy broken and battered prow,
Threatening to sunder thee.
Helpless and hopeless—no one to care,
Though a storm shatter thee;
Only the cold rocks, white and bare,
And the pulsing sea, so false and fair,
And the distant boats that have left thee—there,
And the calm sky, watching and wondering where
The winds may scatter thee.

FARRAGUT.

Admiral Farragut, one of those rare men to whom it is given to "read their history in a nation's eyes," died at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, at noon of Sunday, August 14, in the seventieth year of his age. His father, **George Farragut**, was a native of Minorca, and early took to the sea for a livelihood. Coming to this country, he served in the Revolutionary army, and at the close of the war settled near Knoxville, Tennessee, on lands given him by the government in part payment of his services. Here **David Glasgoe Farragut** was born July 5, 1801. His first name was given him in honor of Captain **David Porter**, an old friend of his father's, and afterward a famous naval officer. The middle name has been supposed to be a family name dear to his Scotch mother.—Through the influence of **David Porter** young **Farragut**, at the age of eleven years, was appointed a midshipman, and, as the Naval Academy was not yet in existence, he was ordered to get his schooling aboard ship. His first cruise was made in the famous *Essex*, and his first commander was Commodore **Porter**, the man for whom he was named. We have only the mere outlines of his personal history during this memorable cruise, of which it is to be hoped that some member of the late Admiral's family may be able to give the world a complete account.—He was present at the capture of the *Nocton*, a British packet of 10 guns, on December 11, 1812; the *Alert*, March 14; and the Peruvian corsair *Nereyda*, on March 25, 1813. After the capture, on May 29, of the *Atlantic*, an English whaler of 8 guns, **Farragut** served on board of her as an Acting-Lieutenant, under command of Lieutenant **Stephen D. M'Knight**, and cruised in company with the *Essex* and the fleet of eight captured vessels turned into cruisers. Shortly after the fleet was reduced to three, the *Atlantic* was renamed the *Essex Junior*, and Lieutenant **M'Knight** gave up the command to Lieutenant-Commander **Downes**. Acting-Lieutenant **Farragut** appears to have returned to duty as a midshipman on the *Essex*. He continued in the *Essex* during the remainder of the remarkable cruise, in which nearly every English whale-ship known to be in the South Pacific was captured. He appears also to have taken part in the memorable war in the Marquesas, where the *Essex* and *Essex Junior* refitted in October and November, 1813, and for which privilege Commodore **Porter** was compelled to assist the tribe who held possession of the bay in which he had cast anchor.

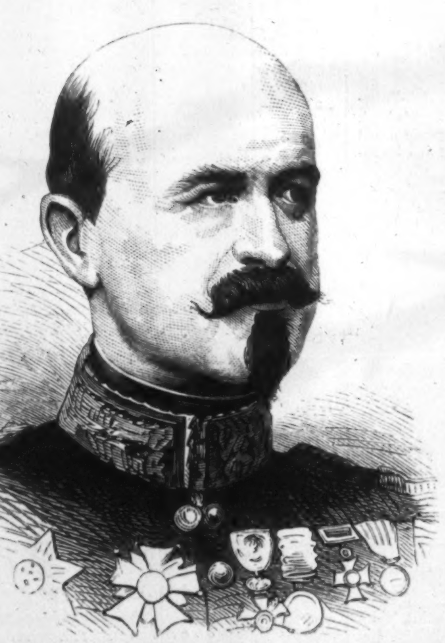


THE LATE ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.—[Photographed by Brady.]

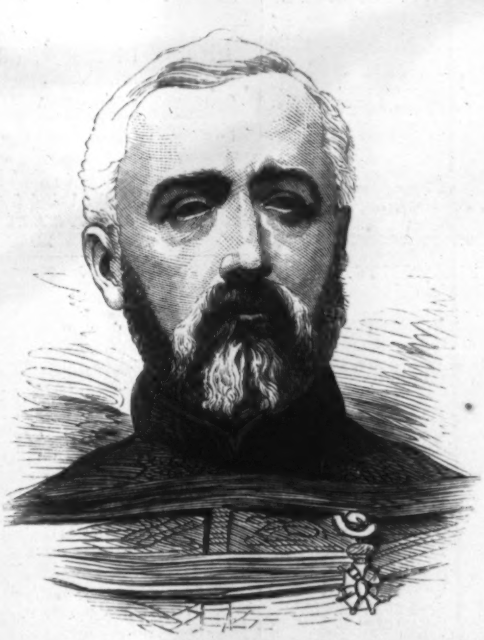
Young **Farragut** was on board the *Essex* during the memorable conflict in Valparaiso Bay, March 28, 1814, between the *Essex* and the British ships *Phœbe* and *Cherub*, and there, in the words of his commanding officer's report, "gave an earnest of his value to the service."

On the return of peace **Farragut** spent a year in the study of military and naval science, and was then ordered to the Mediterranean, where he remained two years. During this time he was under the instruction of the chaplain of his ship, the Rev. **Charles Folsom**, from whom he obtained a moral as well as intellectual training that had a marked influence on his future life. The force of this training was subsequently illustrated by an incident which occurred on board the *Hartford* on the night before the attack on Fort Morgan in Mobile Bay. The men of the vessel asked for grog before going into action next day. "I have no particular objection to your having a little grog," he said, "if there is any on board; but I have been to sea a good many years, and have seen some fighting, but I have never seen the time when I needed rum to help me do my duty." Then, without waiting for an answer to his argument, he added, "I will order you two pots of hot coffee at two o'clock to-morrow morning, and at eight o'clock I'll pipe you to breakfast in Mobile Bay."

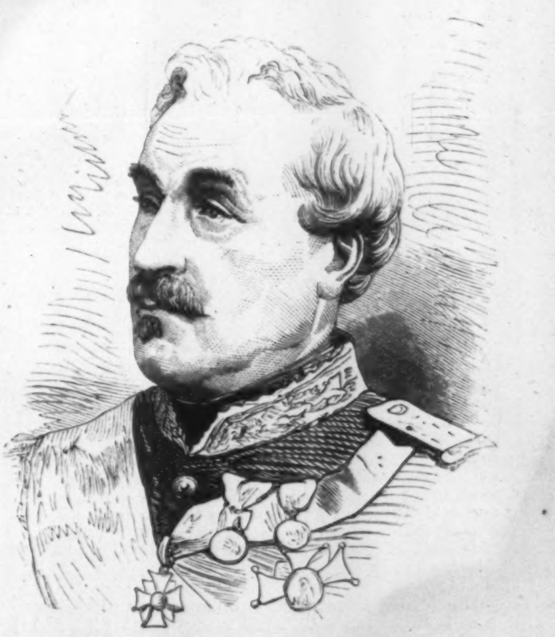
For the next forty years his career was the usual routine of sailor life in time of peace, with its alternations of sea and shore duty, furlough and foreign station. When the rebellion broke out he was at Norfolk, where he was settled, having married a Southern lady. Importuned by his friends to join the Southern cause, he remained true to his country and himself, and immediately made his way to New York, where he was officially sta-



GENERAL TROCHU.—[See Page 558.]



GENERAL DOUAY.—[See Page 558.]



COUNT PALIKAO.—[See Page 558.]

tioned. Here he encountered Commodore M'Cauley, who, at his solicitation, told him the circumstances of the destruction of the Norfolk Navy-yard, and the noble vessels stationed there.

"How could you do it, Commodore—how could you do it?" he said, tears standing in his eyes at the thought of the sacrifice.

"My officers were false; there was no one I could depend upon."

"Why didn't you send for me?" thundered the old Captain, indignantly.

For several months after the outbreak of the war Farragut was without a command, partly because the Navy Department had so few ships at its disposal. At length, when the expedition against New Orleans was resolved upon, he was selected to command it. He entered the Mississippi River early in March, 1862. On the 17th of April Porter's mortar fleet began the bombardment of Forts Philip and Jackson, and on the 24th Commodore Farragut with his entire fleet ran past those formidable batteries, encountering a fire almost unparalleled in severity, a fleet of gun-boats including several iron-clads, fire-rafts, torpedoes, and other obstructions. An idea of the brilliancy of the exploit may be formed from the fact that some French and English officers who had been to New Orleans laughed outright at the notion of running the batteries, and warned the Commodore that "no fleet could pass up the river without a miraculous interposition." To which Farragut replied: "You may be right; but I was sent here to make the attempt to take New Orleans, and I shall try it."

It is unnecessary to repeat the story of that daring feat, the immediate result of which was the occupation of New Orleans by the forces of the United States; or that of the passage of the Vicksburg batteries, which resulted in nothing. The fleet under his command was finally retired to Pensacola, and its operations were chiefly confined to blockading duty in the Gulf. In July, 1864, in conjunction with the land forces under General Canby, he attacked and captured Mobile. It was during this engagement—the last which Farragut directed—that he had himself lashed to the rigging of the flagship, in order to watch and direct the fight. For his gallantry and success in this engagement he was promoted to the rank of Vice-Admiral. He was made a full Admiral in 1866.

After the close of the war Admiral Farragut was sent on a cruise in the *Franklin* to European waters, and was every where received with the most distinguished consideration and respect. But the physical fatigues and mental strain of the war had broken his health, and he returned to this country a hopeless invalid. He suffered intensely for months previous to his decease, and death came to him as a happy release. He has passed away in the fullness of years and of fame, leaving a whole nation to lament his loss.

CHATEAUX EN ESPAGNE.

Where's the harm, tell me where,
Of building castles in the air—
An airy fairy nothingness
That brings a sweet forgetfulness?

The child sits still with pensive eye,
And starts to hear the sudden cry,
"Again I see your vacant stare—
Building your castles in the air!"

The weary boy has closed his book,
And sits with dreamy, wandering look:
Again the cry of "Whence that stare?
Still at your castles in the air?"

The man lies gazing at the sky;
Then sudden starts, with bitter sigh:
"My happiest moments still are there,
Within those castles in the air."

What man or woman, girl or boy,
But's tasted of the secret joy
That's in the fairy chambers lain
Of their own "châteaux en Espagne?"

So where's the harm, tell me where,
Of building "castles in the air"—
This airy fairy nothingness
That brings such sweet forgetfulness?

GENERAL FELIX DOUAY.

General Douay, whose heroic death at the battle of Weissenburg had a touch of old knightly valor and devotion, entered the army in 1832, at the age of sixteen. He obtained a Captain's commission in 1843, and was present at the siege of Rome, where he was wounded. He took a distinguished part in the campaigns in the Crimea, Italy, and Mexico. At the siege of Puebla he directed the operations of the left wing of the besieging army. The *Moniteur* gives the following touching account of his death at Weissenburg: "The General was from the beginning in the thickest of the fight. When he saw the day was lost, after he had done all that he could to retrieve it, when not even a battalion was left him, he called his aids one by one, gave them orders, and sent them away. As soon as the last one was gone, the General, spurring his horse, rode some distance to the front, dismounted, and, taking a pistol from the holster, shot the animal. Then, turning around, he slowly walked toward the enemy. His soldiers vainly tried to stop him. Amidst the terrible firing he deliberately walked on. The retreating soldiers, aroused by the spectacle, turned again upon the enemy, but fell in heaps around their General, who still pressed forward. Another tremendous discharge from the enemy, and General Douay, almost alone, fell dead."

GENERAL TROCHU.

General Trochu, who is now in command of the defenses of Paris, and to whom has been intrusted the organization of a new army, is a soldier of great experience and ability. He is now about forty-four years of age, and has served with distinction in the Crimea, Italy, and Mexico. By some military writers he is considered the ablest tactician of modern times. At the commencement of the present war he was placed by General Le Bœuf in command at Toulouse. The startling events succeeding the battle of Weissenburg have called him from this comparatively quiet sphere to the front rank of active operations.

DRESS IN CHINA.

Chinese dress is now so familiar, by the many exhibitions that have been held, that it may be passed over to speak of the peculiar mode of wearing the hair, which, both in the man and woman, is characterized by the well-known tail, the men, however, shaving the rest of the head. The tail was in early times the badge of the conquered, as the shaven beard was of the slave among the Romans; the Tartars forced the Chinese to shave and wear the tail, till at last it became the universal custom. A Chinese does not, unless he is a mandarin, wear his mustache until he is forty, nor does he allow his beard to grow till he is sixty. A young lady wears her hair combed back and plaited into a tail, which is looped up and passed under the right arm to the breast, the front hair being cut short across the forehead. This is very becoming and pretty, but just before the marriage ceremony the beautiful hair is twisted up into a knot at the top of the back part of the head, and silver bodkins or pins, often jeweled and enameled, are stuck into it with bouquets of real or artificial flowers. They all paint profusely—their foreheads and necks with pearl-white, the cheeks crimson, and the lips vermilion; but they are not good artists, and make themselves frequently almost like old painted hags more than young women. The custom of cramping the feet as the mark of gentility is well known, and ladies are often such cripples that they are carried every where by a servant; but it may not be so well known that the gentlemen have a similar fashion in letting their nails grow as long as possible, to show that they do no sort of handiwork. The proud Tartar ladies and gentlemen, however, have never adopted these fashions; they cultivate all kinds of active amusements and sporting.

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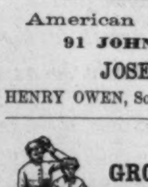

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